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NR
NATIONAL REVIEW

VIETNAM

ALL QUIET ON THE EASTERN FRONT

What Happened?
ANTHONY T. BOUSCAREN

The Great Strategic Error
NORMAN B. HANNAH

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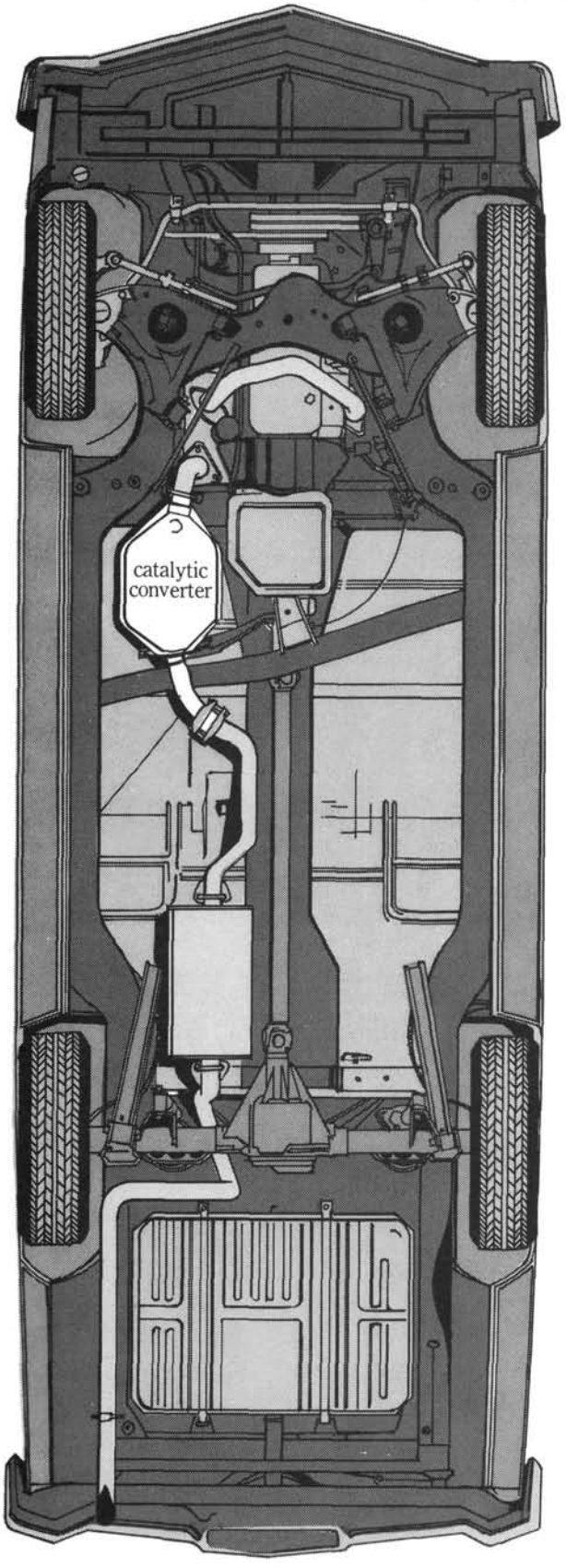
Because of the catalytic converter, GM cars use less gasoline.



Catalytic converter, standard equipment on 1975 model GM cars.

Primarily because of the catalytic converter, gas mileage on GM cars has been increased by 28% on a sales-weighted average, according to EPA figures.

The converter gives GM car owners the best of both worlds: emissions of carbon monoxide and hydrocarbons are cut by about 50% from the already lowered levels of 1974, and it is possible once more to tune engines for economy, drivability and performance.

Catalytic converters do add to the basic cost of a GM car. Part of that money goes for insulation that keeps the outer skin temperature of the converter in normal operation about the same as that of an ordinary muffler, and far lower than the temperature of the exhaust manifold.

But when you think of the cost, think of the reduction in fuel consumption over the life of that average GM car; and don't forget, the use of unleaded gas lowers maintenance costs by greatly increasing the life of spark plugs, engine oil and exhaust system components.

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- Thomas J. Holt, publisher of *The Holt Investment Advisory*, spells out his startling inflation/deflation/depression scenario... zeroes in on the three events that could trigger the crash... shows what you must do to protect yourself.
- Dr. Franz Pick, publisher of *World Currency Report*, tells how many devaluations he expects this decade; why he believes the dollar will be wiped out; the outlook for the market, municipals and banks; and four specific recommendations for *immediate* purchase.
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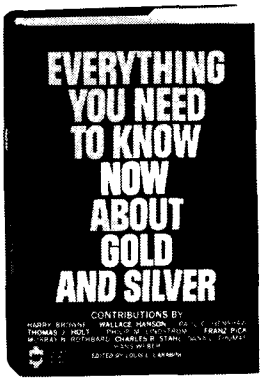

- Charles R. Stahl, publisher of *Green's Commodity Market Comments*, covers the economics of silver and suggests how you can use silver to protect yourself.
- Philip M. Lindstrom, investment manager of Hecla Mining, explains the silver mining industry, underscores what you must watch for in projecting the prospects for silver, gives his expert prognosis for silver consumption and prices.
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- Dr. Paul C. Henshaw, president of Homestake (operator of the largest gold mine in the Western Hemisphere), explains why the flight into gold has just begun; why production is *dropping* despite record gold prices; why consumption exceeds production. Finally, Henshaw answers the $64,000 question: how high will gold go?
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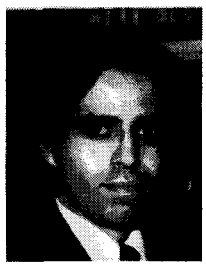

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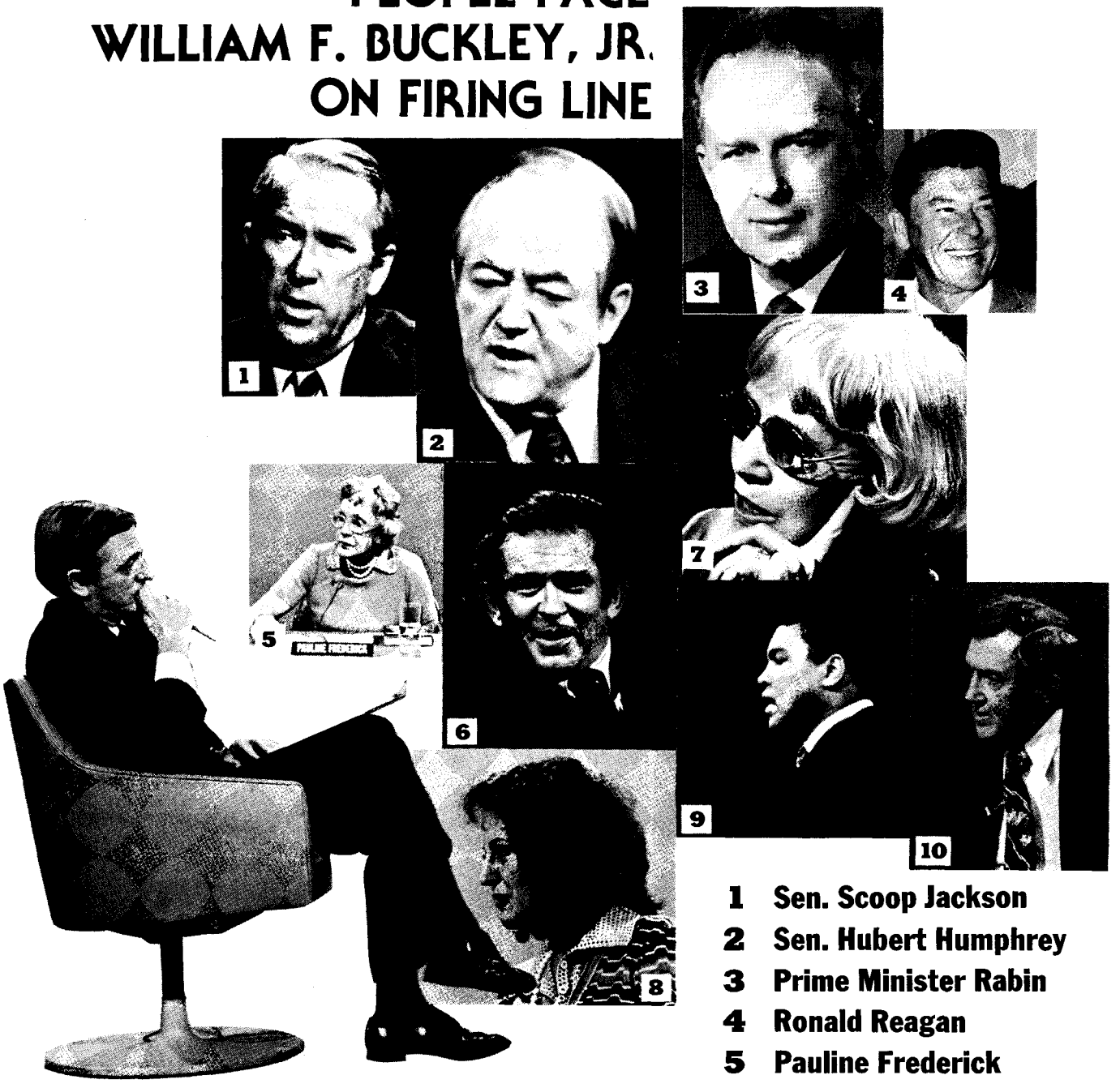

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Letters

Solzhenitsyn

What a superb interview of Solzhenitsyn that was ["Solzhenitsyn Speaks Out," June 6]. How refreshing to hear a man give real answers to questions instead of the weaseling most of the politicians spout. How visible his patience—the patience that enabled him to live and breathe so long inside totalitarianism. How realistic his vision, not to claim that democracy, Western-style, should be wholly and immediately exported to his country—not that the average reporter would risk upsetting detente by advocating it. And how brave to assert to a Western press that is now largely socialistic that "ethical principles not only are not inherent in socialism, but are opposed to it." *That* is courage and will lead—no, is already leading—to literary exile from all but the pages of NATIONAL REVIEW.

New York, N.Y. CARL PHILLIPS

Independence Party

Bill Rusher's article in *NR* ["A New Party: Eventually, Why Not Now?" May 23] is already a little red book for the "Independistas."

Maspeth, N.Y. ANTHONY SPINELLI

Regarding William A. Rusher's new conservative party, such a party already exists in the American Independent Party, and it hasn't been all that much of a success. If conservatives cannot control the GOP, then they aren't strong enough to win elections by themselves. Conservatives ought to abandon the Republican Party so as to become Democrats and thus share in political power. Additional conservatives in the Democratic Party would drive that Party to the right, and eliminate McGovernites in primaries. The liberal drift of this country could thus be halted while separate conservative organizations could re-educate the population to libertarian ideals.

Chicago, Ill. MARK TERRY

Jaffa's Reply

M. E. Bradford denies ["Letters," May 9] that, in his review of *Time on the Cross*, he advances any "general theory of the War between the States." But he had written, "Rather than live under the authority of knaves, fools, and crafty uniformitarians, they [viz., the gentlemen of the Old South] took up arms." If this was not a "general theory," I thought at least that it implied one.

"Fogel and Engerman," Professor Bradford continues, "do not, as Jaffa believes, confirm his theory that slavery was about to spread all over the continent." But nowhere have I set forth such a theory. What I have asserted repeatedly was that I saw no *economic* reason in the antebellum United States sufficient to deny that the spread of slavery as defined by Lincoln (not "all over the continent") was possible. *Time on the Cross* provides massive documentation for the thesis that slavery was extremely profitable, and that slave labor was readily adaptable to any kind of skilled trade or occupation (including the managerial and entrepreneurial), as well as to industry, and to urban living. Thus there was no necessary economic inhibition to the spread of slavery, and *therefore* such inhibition would have to be political.

Professor Bradford doesn't think that the secessionist South wanted to extend slavery, but feels that it could not live in a Union in which slavery was under external moral condemnation. But the Northwest Ordinance, adopted both by the Congress of the Confederation and by the first Congress under the Constitution, contained the identical restriction of slavery in federal territory for which the Republicans contended in 1856 and 1860. The Missouri Compromise legislation of 1820 contained the same restriction. In short, from 1787 until 1854 the country—and the South—had lived under just such an external moral condemnation of slavery as Professor Bradford believes was intolerable in 1861. No one even glancing at a map which records the changes of the locale of slavery in the generation before the Civil War, together with the virgin territories open to its ingress, can fail to see both its expansion and its threatened expansion.

Finally, I take note of Professor Bradford's satisfaction at Fogel and Engerman's

(Continues on page 644)

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Book Editor: George F. Will, 6683 32nd Place N.W., Washington, D.C. 20015; Articles: Daniel Oliver; Arts & Manners: M. J. Sobran Jr., NATIONAL REVIEW, 150 East 35th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016

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What if I'm so sure that you *will* make money my Lazy Man's Way that I'll make you the world's most unusual guarantee?

And here it is: I won't even cash your check or money order for 31 days *after* I've sent you my material.

That'll give you plenty of time to get it, look it over, try it out.

If you don't agree that it's worth *at least a hundred times* what you invested, send it back. Your *uncashed* check or money order will be put in the return mail.

The only reason I won't send it to you and bill you or send it C.O.D. is because both these methods involve more time and money.

And I'm already going to give you the biggest bargain of your life.

Because I'm going to tell you what it took me 11 years to perfect: How to make money the Lazy Man's Way.

O.K.—now I have to brag a little. I don't mind it. And it's necessary—to prove that sending me 10 dollars...which I'll keep "in escrow" until you're satisfied...is the smartest thing you ever did.

I live in a home that's worth $100,000. I know it is, because I turned down an offer for that much. My mortgage is less than half that, and the only reason I haven't paid it off is because my Tax Accountant says I'd be an idiot.

My "office," about a mile and a half from my home, is right on the beach. My view is so breathtaking that most people comment that they don't see how I get any work done. But I do enough. About 6 hours a day, 8 or 9 months a year.

The rest of the time we spend at our mountain "cabin." I paid $30,000 for it—cash.

I have 2 boats and a Cadillac. All paid for.

We have stocks, bonds, investments, cash in the bank. But the most important thing I have is priceless: time with my family.

And I'll show you just how I did it—the Lazy Man's Way—a secret I've shared with just a few friends 'til now.

It doesn't require "education." I'm a high school graduate.

It doesn't require "capital." When I started out, I was so deep in debt that a lawyer friend advised bankruptcy as the only way out. He was wrong. We paid off our debts and, outside of the mortgage, don't owe a cent to any man.

It doesn't require "luck." I've had more than my share, but I'm not promising you that you'll make as much money as I have. And you may do better; I personally know one man who used these principles, worked hard, and made 11 million dollars in 8 years. But money isn't everything.

It doesn't require "talent." Just enough brains to know what to look for. And I'll tell you that.

It doesn't require "youth." One woman I worked with is over 70. She's travelled the world over, making all the money she needs, doing only what I taught her.

It doesn't require "experience." A widow in Chicago has been averaging $25,000 a year for the past 5 years, using my methods.

What *does* it require? Belief. Enough to take a chance. Enough to absorb what I'll send you. Enough to put the principles into *action*. If you do just that—nothing more, nothing less—the results *will* be hard to believe. Remember—I guarantee it.

You don't have to give up your job. But you may soon be making so much money that you'll be able to. Once again—I guarantee it.

The wisest man I ever knew told me something I never forgot: "Most people are too busy earning a living to make any money."

Don't take as long as I did to find out he was right.

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"images of the undemoralized, productive, self-respecting, and self-improving life of many bondsmen." I too take satisfaction in this. And I continue to feel moral indignation that men capable of such self-respect and self-improvement should have been legally bound to perpetual servitude. And I wonder why, almost in the next sentence, Professor Bradford should refer to these same men, so unworthy to be deprived of all civil freedom, as "savages." Can it be that the mind of the Old South, which Professor Bradford so ably represents, was the true and original "house divided"?

Claremont, Calif. HARRY V. JAFFA

Cornering the Opium Market

Your recent rash comments concerning my proposal to buy the Shan State opium production as a means of combatting the drug problem in the United States ["The Week," May 23] warrants some comment.

First, I did not propose that we rashly embark on an opium buying expedition, but that we carefully study and explore how best to utilize the Shan proposal to dispose of their entire opium crop. Last year, drug-related crimes cost our nation over $27 billion. An offer of $12 million, to corner 40 per cent of the world's illicit opium supply, which has a street market value of over $2 billion, is certainly worthy of serious consideration.

Second, your remark that our purchase of Shan opium would make the world's opium growers "rich enough to double or triple their acreage for next year's crop" belies the facts. The opium grower in Burma is not a wealthy farmer with huge tracts of land, manipulating the market in order to become rich. He is a poor, often starving peasant, farming his land to its maximum to produce an opium crop from which he barely ekes out a living. He hasn't the capability to increase production and he would welcome growing a crop other than opium, if we could introduce a productive, substitute crop there. We successfully pursued such a plan in Turkey until last year.

Third, I propose that our nation overhaul and tighten up the entire narcotic enforcement program. In addition to cutting off as much of the illicit international opium production as possible we must also attack the roots of the dilemma, the underworld's organized distribution of narcotics. For this we must beef up narcotics enforcement agencies by providing the needed manpower and equipment.

If, as you profess, you are seriously concerned about our economy, then consider which is more practical: to invest $12 million in removing 40 per cent of the world's illicit opium from the market, or to continue losing $27 billion a year to drug-related crime.

Washington, D.C. BENJAMIN A. GILMAN
Member of Congress

Will's Economic Nightmares

George Will's column on economic nightmares [May 23] sets some sort of record for economic blunders per paragraph. "The largest single cause of the current economic sickness," says Will, "was the devious financing of the Vietnam War in the middle 1960s." It is true that today's government policies affect tomorrow's economy with a substantial lag, but the lag hardly lasts ten years. The cause of the current economic sickness was an inflation engineered to ensure Nixon's re-election in 1972, price controls to hide the results for a while, and the sudden reversal of money growth last year.

Will then goes on to say that the auto rebates only managed to "move up car purchases that would have been made anyway." This implies that the number of cars demanded over a period of several months is not affected at all by price. The demand curve is a vertical line. That is, to put it kindly, an implausible hypothesis.

Next, we learn that "nothing in the news about the economy is going to encourage the consumer to come back to the marketplace." Of course not. Consumers do not base their spending decisions on the headlines, but on a comparison of their actual and expected after-tax incomes with the actual and expected

(Continues on page 683)

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Holt's 5-Point Scientific Approach

1. FREE MARKET ECONOMIC ANALYSIS: *The Holt Investment Advisory* integrates present-day events with free market wisdom. This firm grounding in economic reality helps translate economic and political developments into practical, specific investment advice.

One important application came in the late 1960s right after the British pound was devalued. Holt's analysis indicated that inflation and balance of payments deficits would force the dollar down and precious metals up. So he advised clients to maintain heavy positions in gold and silver. Despite the heated denials of central bankers and Keynesian economists, the *Advisory* publicly and flatly predicted that the then official price of gold —$35 per ounce — would not hold and that it would trend upward. As you know, this is precisely what happened.

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The entire 8-year performance record is available upon request. To the best of our knowledge, we are the only service to do so. Of course, the *Advisory* does not guarantee future profits. There can never be assurance that future recommendations will do as well as those in the past, or that they'll even be profitable. Mr. Holt believes his scientific approach to investing gives you a substantial edge in building and protecting capital — during both bull and bear markets.

3. "FLOW-OF-FUNDS" ANALYSIS: One of Mr. Holt's most powerful scientific tools for stock market research — he developed it himself — is his "flow-of-funds" analysis. He explains how it works:

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Of course, flow-of-funds analysis isn't infallible. For instance it failed to foresee the institutional speculation binge of 1972. But, because it combines logic with economic and monetary realities, we believe it is helpful in forecasting major stock market trends.

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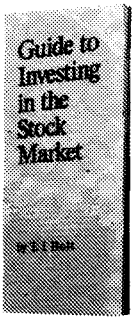

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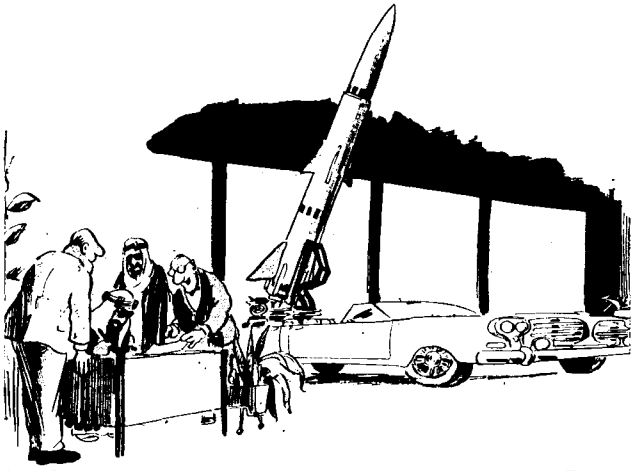
FOR THE RECORD

■ The *Mayagüez* incident hasn't totally dissipated conservative criticism of **Gerald Ford**. At Washington meeting last week of so-called St. Michael's Group, Senators **Buckley**, **Helms**, and **McClure**, and GOP Congressmen **Ashbrook** (Ohio), **Bauman** and **Holt** (Md.), **Lott** (Miss.), and **Crane** (Ill.), plus other conservative leaders (*NR* Publisher **William A. Rusher**, ACU Chairman **M. Stanton Evans**, influential Mississippi Republican State Chairman **Clarke Reed**), came out for an open convention in 1976 since, they said, "neither the President nor the Vice President was elected to office." . . . The new *Conservative Digest*—that's a **Richard Viguerie** operation and Viguerie is **George Wallace**'s direct mail money man—reports its poll of its own readers shows that 91 per cent hope Ford won't run again, 71 per cent think Ford is doing a poor job. . . . South Carolina's Governor **James Edwards**—the first GOP governor in that state since Reconstruction—says if Ford doesn't drop **Rockefeller** as his running mate, then he "can write me off." When Edwards was asked if he would join a "dump Rockefeller" move at the convention he replied that he hoped it wouldn't be necessary. The South Carolina governor stopped just this side of giving his endorsement to **Ronald Reagan**.



Punch Rothco

"Here . . . where it says "We'll never use them, they're only sex symbols. . ."

■ On the Democratic side, National Chairman **Robert Strauss** has said what no one has wanted to think about, that George Wallace will arrive at the convention with between 30 per cent and 40 per cent of the delegates. "If he doesn't end up on the ticket," says Strauss, "we are in for massive defections." . . . **Sargent Shriver**, who doesn't seem to know when he's been steamrollered—he was No. 2 man on the **McGovern** ticket—has the bug, says his friends are urging him to run for President, and admits that none of the friends he is talking about are important political leaders, which would presumably exclude pressure to run from brother-in-law **Teddy Kennedy**. Kennedy, Shriver now says, might run if his "family situation changed" between now and convention time.

■ At the senatorial level, **John Tunney** (D., Calif.) must be feeling a bit like a pincushion these days. Everyone wants his seat. **Tom Hayden** (husband of **Jane**) has rebuked Tunney for being insufficiently radical ("the radicalism of the Sixties is fast becoming the common sense of the Seventies"), and says he will challenge him in the Democratic primary. Hayden finds that Communism is "one of the options that can improve people's lives." . . . On the Republican side Tunney's possible challengers include Congressmen **Alphonzo Bell**, **Barry Goldwater Jr.**, former Lt. Gov. and **Nixon** aide **Robert Finch**, and **Houston Flournoy** who ran an unexpectedly good race against Gov. **Jerry Brown** last year. . . . However, **William Banowsky**, the conservative president of Pepperdine College who had earlier evinced interest in taking on Tunney, has decided not to make the race. . . . In Virginia, Adm. **Elmo Zumwalt**, former Chief of Naval Operations, indicates he may run against **Harry Byrd** in the Democratic primary next year.

■ *Christian Science Monitor* says some estimates are that as many as one-third of the three million people driven out of Phnom Penh by the **Khmer Rouge** are likely to perish. . . . In yet another Peking interview Prince **Norodom Sihanouk** hails the Khmer Rouge, says that the National United Front of Cambodia (NUFC) will be the only political party in the land and that "no one is more democratic than the NUFC." . . . Thailand which has already taken in 10,000 Laotians fleeing the **Pathet Lao** is bracing against an expected invasion across its borders of another 50,000 **Meo tribesmen**, members of the anti-Communist units trained by the CIA in Laos. . . . Meanwhile the Japanese news agency Kyodo reports that the **Soviet Union** is asking Saigon for use of former U.S. military bases "in compensation for the huge amount of aid" extended by Moscow during the Vietnam War. . . . And a **Le Monde** correspondent still in Saigon reports that there is no mention, ever, of **China** in the new newspapers in that city, but lots of reporting on Soviet affairs.

■ On the other side of the world Ulster Protestant leader **Ian Paisley** has done his best to clarify the Common Market issue for his followers before the referendum. The Common Market, he says, "is the greatest Catholic superstate the world has ever known" and the **Pope** has proclaimed the Virgin Mary "The Madonna of the Market" ("Our Lady of Lower Tariffs"?).

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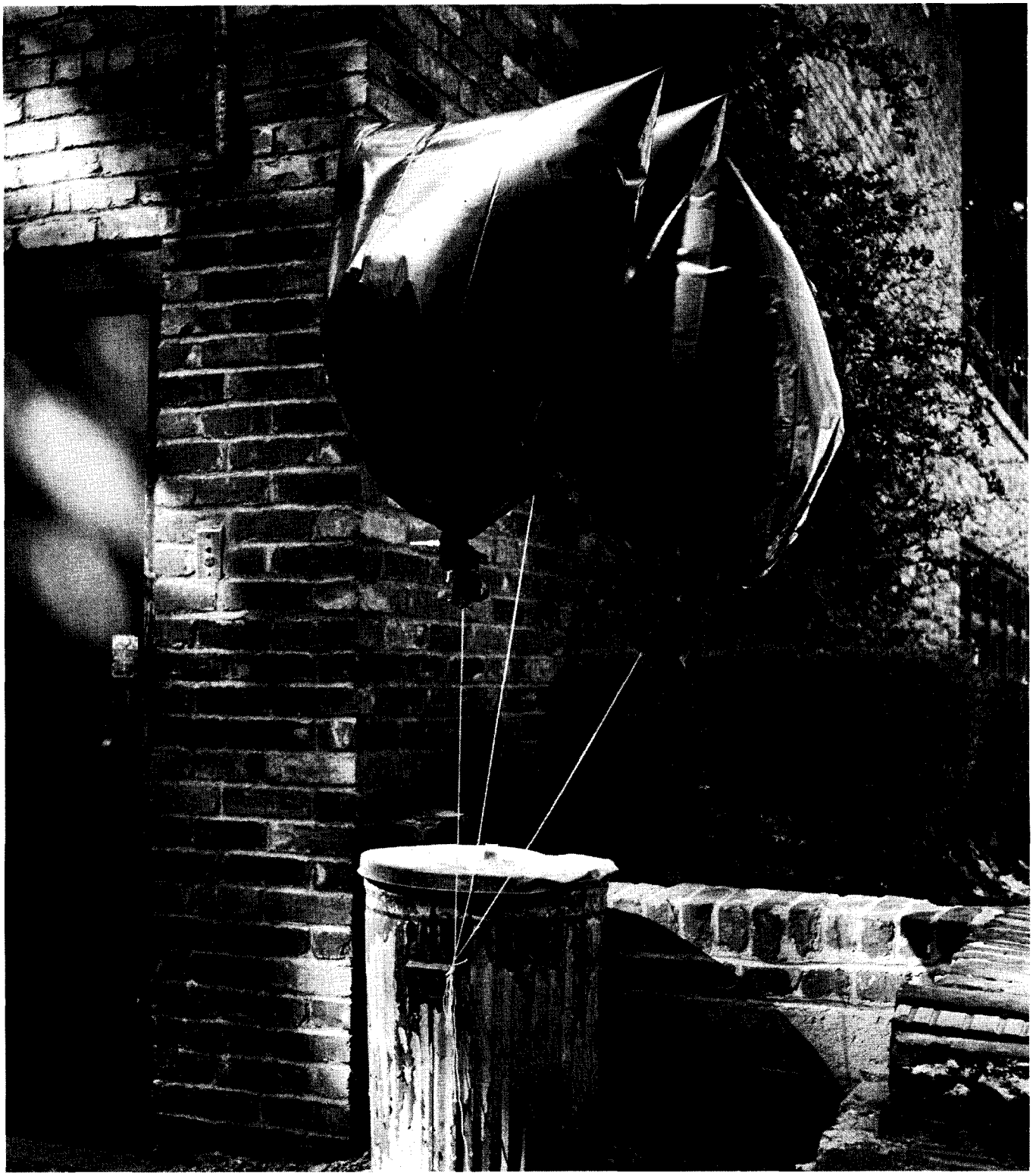

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THE WEEK

■ Moving briskly into the twentieth century, Peru has made Quechua an official language, requiring that it be taught in all schools beginning in first grade. If you want our opinion, it sounds like a waste of paper and Inca.

■ At the level of state government, at least, some of last fall's Democratic landslides are turning out to be something less than the disasters they then seemed. Many of the new governors exemplify a trend that *Newsweek* calls "say-nay politics": like California's Jerry Brown and New York's Hugh Carey, they are acting, for the moment at least, like men of liberal vision alloyed with conservative practicality. "Action has been the catchword," Brown says. "But people feel that things are being done *to* them, not *for* them. Sometimes non-action is better. Sometimes we need fewer programs, less planning, more space to live our lives." Already the result has been disappointment for some of Brown's partisans, who expected his administration to be the vehicle of their aggrandizement. "Jerry has screwed his friends worse than I ever screwed my enemies," grumbles one. And that's the kind of grumbling we like to hear.

■ After two days of exchanges, the world's greatest deliberative body, which non-members know as the U.S. Senate, concluded debate on U.S. military and foreign policy. Led by Senators Kennedy, Cranston, and Mondale, Senate liberals sought to excise more from a $28.6-billion Pentagon appropriation than the 12.5 per cent already cut by the Senate Armed Services Committee. Inasmuch as the cold war ended years ago, the left-wingers told their colleagues, there is no need for huge defense budgets. The debate illustrates once more the disparity between the McGovernites and the rest of the Democratic Party. Last April the Foreign Policy Task Force of the Coalition for a Democratic Majority said: "The nation is in great danger. Our danger is increasing every day. . . . The Soviet Union's expansionist foreign policy is backed by a military building program which has no peacetime parallel in world affairs. . . . In policy, our defense budget is an invitation to disaster."

■ The Supreme Court, in a 5 to 4 decision on a complex case, has delivered the unprecedented opinion that a union can be subject to the antitrust laws. A construction union had picketed a general contractor in an effort to force it to do business only with a union subcontractor. The Court held that such a boycott could be a violation of the antitrust laws in restraint of trade, opening up the possibility of a treble-damages suit by the general contractor against the union. The four Nixon appointees plus Justice White constituted the majority, as they have in other recent cases in which labor has lost.

■ A farm-labor bill recently passed in California may put an end to much of the lettuce-grape-wine boycotting that helped make César Chavez a household word. The legislation, which will become effective on August 28, provides, among other things, for state-supervised, secret elections in which the farm workers can vote on whether they want to belong to a union at all, and if so which one—well, it's not quite that simple. After it receives a petition for union certification from 50 per cent of a farm's work force (when it is at 50 per cent or more of its peak annual employment), a state board must call for a vote. A second union can get on the ballot by presenting a petition from 20 per cent of the workers, and there will also be on the ballot a line for voting for no union at all. Chavez' AFL-CIO United Farm Workers union now has about 10,000 members and the rival Teamsters about 50,000. The elections are supposed to determine where the workers' true feelings lie, and both the United Farm Workers and the Teamsters, naturally, are publicly confident of victory.

■ James Wechsler of the *New York Post* has let fly once more at "anti-abortion diehards," no pun intended, we're sure, this time adding a vague allusion to "the class bias so long inherent in the anti-abortion drive." And he works up the usual indignation on behalf of the "major victims" of a proposed restriction on abortions without consent of the parents (or grandparents, depending on how you look at it); these victims, he says, would be mostly "children of the lower depths." Get it? Catholics who oppose abortion are callously or aggressively anti-black. Logically one would think they must be, if anything, pro-black, since they regard preventing abortions a beneficence rather than a nuisance. As it happens, there are now six abortions for every ten live births among blacks in New York City; the ratio among whites is 4 to 10. There's affirmative action for you, eh, Mr. Wechsler?

■ Speaking at the commencement of Oklahoma Chris-

Planning Ahead

Humphrey and Javits, two peas in a pod,
Thirst for control of the national wad.
What they propose is a planning machine,
Making tomorrow routinely foreseen.
Hairpins and hinges, computers and glue,
All would respond to a centralized few.
After refinements, we'd learn to compete
Just like the Soviets, shopping for wheat.

W. H. VON DREELE

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

Better a weepy Muskie than a stolid Scoop? The Gallup Poll asked Democrats whom they would favor if forced to choose between Muskie and Jackson. Result: Muskie 41 per cent, Jackson 34 per cent, undecided (read: appalled) 25 per cent. Men were evenly divided, women favored Muskie, as did those who were under fifty, had less education, and lived outside the South. Other recent Gallup findings are: Kennedy over Jackson 70 to 23, Kennedy over Muskie 70 to 22, Kennedy over Wallace 69 to 24, Humphrey over McGovern 48 to 35. Among independent voters it is Kennedy over Wallace 51 to 40, over Jackson 53 to 36, over Muskie 52 to 33 per cent.

■ POLITICAL NOTES: While Illinois Governor Dan Walker has visions of the Democratic presidential nomination dancing in his head, Illinois Republicans have visions of taking his job next year. All they need is a candidate. Some would like White House chief-of-staff Donald Rumsfeld to come home to make the race. Rumsfeld was a congressman from Chicago's northern suburbs before joining the Nixon Administration in 1969. Attorney General William Scott and U.S. Attorney James Thompson are other possible candidates. . . . Ronald Reagan says the Democrats will nominate Kennedy. Senator Alan Cranston (D., Calif.) says Kennedy's nomination is becoming an "inevitability." According to columnists Rowland Evans and Robert Novak, Gerald Ford thinks Kennedy would be his toughest opponent, and will be his opponent. Candidate Representative Mo Udall (D., Ariz.) says it is an iron law: what everyone believes is true, is false. . . . Stop Press! Headline of the week: "Sen. Percy Is Critical of Ford." The Illinois Republican says he is shocked to learn that support for Ford in Illinois is "paper thin." So shocked is Percy that he may have to consider seeking That Great Office if Ford does not show more leadership. Says Percy: "Either now or in 1980 is my time to run for President."

■ Senator William Proxmire (D., Wis.) has made his "Golden Fleece of the Month" award for May. The award "honors" the government agency that committed "the biggest or most ridiculous waste of taxpayers' money." The joint winners in May were the Army Corps of Engineers, which tried to spend $10 billion for a series of locks and dams on the Mississippi (locks and dams Congress has not authorized), and to the Selective Service System, which has spent $98,029 for a study of the All Volunteer Army concept abroad—two years after we adopted the system here. Actually, Prox misunderstands the Selective Service project. It is not pointless—just pernicious. There still are those in government who want to discredit the All Volunteer Army, and will hunt far and wide for damaging evidence, even though it is in fact working out.

■ For years admirers of former Senator William Fulbright (D., Ark.) defended him as a hypocrite against the charge that he is a racist. Fulbright signed the Southern Manifesto against integration after the 1954 Supreme Court desegregation decision. And he consistently opposed civil rights bills. But by the time civil rights became a burning issue, in the mid-1960s, he was a leading critic of the Vietnam War, so his liberal friends explained that he had to mollify the yahoos back home in order to get re-elected and do splendid things in the Senate. Now comes Fulbright with the statement that he is "not too sure" that it was right to guarantee blacks the right to vote, an opinion no doubt sharpened by the heavy black vote against him when he lost the Democratic primary last year to Arkansas' new senator, Dale Bumpers. Actually, Fulbright has just been consistent. He did vote against the 1965 Voting Rights Act, but he said he would. When he first ran for the Senate in 1944 he said: "I am not for Negro participation in our primary election and do not approve of social equality." Today he says he made such statements to defend himself against the charge of being "a nigger lover."

■ Senator Walter Mondale (D., Minn.) has found documentary evidence that the government is allowing the taxpayers to keep some money. He cites with alarm a Treasury Department report that "proves" that "tax expenditures" (née "loopholes") go primarily (53 per cent) to taxpayers who make more than $20,000 per year. The idea of a "tax expenditure" has come into vogue recently. A dollar "expended" as a tax expenditure is a dollar the government does not collect. The premise of the idea is that all dollars belong to the government, and any that remain with taxpayers do so only by the grace, or negligence, of the government.

—CATO

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tian College, pollster George Gallup entertained the audience with some preliminary findings from his survey of 1,000 students from 57 colleges and universities. Mr. Gallup said 30 per cent of the freshmen he interviewed considered themselves left of center; 24 per cent of the freshmen considered themselves right of center. Among seniors interviewed, Gallup said 53 per cent considered themselves left of center; 20 per cent, right of center. "A lead of 6 percentage points for the Left," said Mr. Gallup, "has thus become a lead of 33 percentage points in the senior year." Discussing the students' attitude toward business, Gallup said "college juniors and seniors have an even more distorted idea about the profits of business than high school juniors and seniors." The latter place business profits at about 30 per cent while the former place them at 45 per cent. According to a Citibank survey, the 1974 profit margins were 7.2 per cent in oil, 5.2 per cent in manufacturing, and 1.9 per cent in autos.

■ A year ago, the French Communist-Socialist Popular Front came within two percentage points of winning the presidential election. But now, thanks partly to the revolution in Portugal, the difference between the two parties may be widening into a split. The detonator was the Portuguese Communist printers' closing down of the Socialist newspaper, *Republica* (virtually the only non-Communist publication remaining in Lisbon). French CP leader Georges Marchais, almost alone among European Communists, approved the Portuguese Communists' action and the government's failure to reverse it. Whereupon Socialist leader François Mitterrand, who had been especially lamblike since his visit to Moscow, finally started to bleat. Marchais counterattacked with a vicious article in the Communist paper, *L'Humanité*.

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Third Party Prospects

The entrails signal sweet success;
Both parties constitute a mess;
But crowds may fail to sing our song
If Barry doesn't sing along.

W. H. VON DREELE

Some analysts believe he decided months ago that the Popular Front would never install the Communists in the French government, and that he may use this incident to break up the coalition.

■ Three million Cambodians have been driven into the hinterland by the Khmer Rouge. Analysts judge that a million or more will perish. Cambodia has been completely sealed off from the outside world. As the genocide continues, there has been no protest from the UN, the Red Cross, the Pope, the World Council of Churches, Amnesty International, Olof Palme, Anthony Lewis, Shirley MacLaine, George McGovern, or any other keepers of the world's humanitarian conscience.

■ Slanted reporting on African terrorism makes it difficult for Americans to understand what is going on over there. *Newsweek* reports that "the white exodus is at a flood tide in Angola and Mozambique." But the black exodus is also at a flood tide. Some 4,870 black men migrated from Mozambique to "white-dominated" Rhodesia in the past two years, apparently fearing that a Uganda-style liberation movement in Mozambique might liberate their heads from their shoulders. In *The New Republic*, Milton Viorst writes: "The Rhodesian government of Ian Smith won't discuss it publicly, and certainly won't release any figures, but white emigration, which proceeded at a steady trickle throughout the years following independence, apparently reached an alarming level late last year." But the number of European immigrants to Rhodesia exceeded emigrants by 40,330 from the declaration of independence in 1965 through 1974, and immigrants exceeded emigrants in every year—including last year—except 1966. By contrast, the four years *before* independence saw a net emigration of 25,710 Europeans. The Rhodesian government *does* release such figures monthly, and there was indeed a net outflow of Europeans in December—an "exodus" of 340 persons out of a population of 274,000 Europeans.

■ Read this sentence. And then read it again. "Kissinger's machinations against the Jews after the collapse of his Middle East mission aroused the Jewish community here and drove 76 senators to write a letter ostensibly to the President but really to Kissinger, bidding him to stop playing games." Mary McGrory, Pulitzer Prize winner, column of June 2. To whom, exactly, does "the Jews" refer in the above sentence? If McGrory means "the Israelis," why not say so? If she means, as her words seem to imply, "Jews everywhere," then her point is, shall we say, obscure. Was this some kind of Freudian slip?

■ Onward and upward with detente: Two Soviet aircraft flew from Nunivak Island, Alaska this spring, carrying forty Alaska musk oxen to Siberian pastures, where they flourished in Neolithic times but have long been extinct. We donated the musk oxen under the U.S.-USSR Environmental Protection Agreement of 1972. In the same week a team of U.S. scientists was granted permission to travel to the Soviet Union to study the Siberian polecat. And for their spring vacation tours to Russia, two groups of Defense and Interior Department employees booked Aeroflot IL-62s.

■ The Tire Retread Information Bureau, whatever the hell that is, has announced that retread tires must meet federal retread tire standards under a series of new federal regulations. Retread federal legislation is exempt.

Ford on the Road

Despite some prior White House misgivings and much advice from pundits that he would do better to stay home, President Ford's swing through Europe seems to have been about as successful as under the circumstances he could have hoped.

The NATO summit at Brussels produced surprising consensus, which on most issues even included France, though the skeletons in the closet (bankrupt Britain and near-Communist Portugal) clanked noisily throughout the conference. The French even accommodated NATO unobtrusively by moving their two carriers into the Mediterranean to replace the departing British naval presence.

Ford found Spain, inevitably, in a condition of anxious expectancy, but he attempted to bridge past and future by means of well publicized meetings with both Franco and (for a longer session) Juan Carlos, and he received favorable indications regarding U.S. bases. Quiet diplomacy and the strengthened position of Greek President Karamanlis have produced the possibility, at least, of Turkish-Greek compromise over Cyprus.

In the Middle East, conciliatory moves were made by Egypt (reopening the Canal), Israel (the Sinai pullback), and even Syria (agreement to extend the UN presence in the Golan Heights). Against this background, some progress may be possible toward the ultimate U.S. settlement plan which, according to C. L. Sulzberger, is "founded on the 1967 borders with perhaps a 'Vatican City' administrative arrangement for the Moslem religious shrines of East Jerusalem."

Perhaps Ford's luck, even his political definition, began to change through some subtle alchemy beginning with the *Mayagüez* affair.

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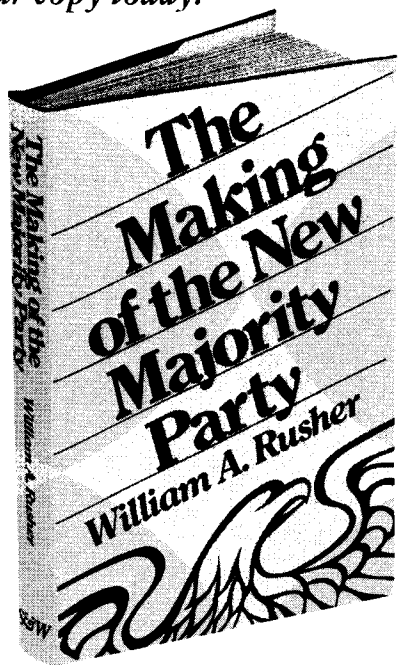
Last chance to ~~Now you can~~ order William A. Rusher's soon-to-be published book "The Making of the New Majority Party" direct from National Review and save $3.00!

Don't miss this opportunity to be one of the first to know about what may be the biggest story of the year — a new conservative party: how it could happen, how it may well be happening now. It's all here — get your copy today.

"The Making of the New Majority Party" gives you, in one fast-reading, fact-filled book, the kind of inside information you'll want between now and the '76 election. Here is the *real* story of new alignments in American political parties: why the old coalitions have broken down, who's forming the *new* power blocks — and why the Republican Party may *never* be the same again!



Between now and the '76 presidential election, you won't be able to find a *better* analysis of what's really happening among American conservatives than William A. Rusher's "The Making of the New Majority Party." Here, for the first time, is the whole story of the growing movement toward conservative unity – and majority status – spelled out by a leading conservative spokesman. It's all in this fast-reading new book – how it could happen, how it may well be happening *now*. (Rusher gives the facts and figures showing how just such a movement has been on the *verge* of success for at least the last 15 years.)

A Revealing Book

With the political scene today in near-unprecedented turmoil, with Gallup Polls reporting extraordinary drops in major-party loyalty, with Republican fortunes at an all-time low (as radical minorities still threaten to take over the Democratic Party), Rusher asks if now is not the right time for a united new conservative movement to arise, not as a "third" party, but as one of the two major forces in America. You'll find an excellent analysis of why this has happened, how the forces are realigning, plus historical precedents to support Rusher's view that a new political force can successfully challenge the established parties.

This highly readable book gives you the figures from recent polls which asked a cross-section of Americans which party they would prefer, if the parties were realigned ideologically – "conservative or liberal?" Assuming that those who were undecided would ultimately divide in the same proportions, *59% of the American people considered themselves "conservative"* and only 41% "liberal." Using such facts, Rusher gives you his analysis of *why*, even though American conservatives really *are* the majority, they have never taken power, and why they have power within their grasp *now*. Rusher provides telling historical precedent (the Republican take-over of the Whig position in the mid-19th century) showing how the unusual conflux of events present when the Republican party was born are here today, in modern terms, for American conservatives to *act* on.

But the central point of the book is the lesson of the last fifteen years: that conservative potential for victory has been *there*, but was snatched away at the last moment. Once, in the Goldwater election, success was denied by an assassin: with Kennedy gone, the conservative coalition was split by Westerner Goldwater running against Southerner Johnson. In 1968, when there was a very real chance to nominate Reagan as the Republican candidate, a too-early endorsement of Nixon by leading conservative Republicans stilled Reagan's momentum. And then, in 1972, the conservatives were united in one party, and swept every thing before them–only to be betrayed by Nixon.

"The Making of the New Majority Party" evaluates the conservative movement in a realistic perspective. It examines the facts of regional voting patterns of the new majority, especially the continued passing of power (since the days of Andrew Jackson) from an entrenched Eastern "establishment" to a coalition based on the Southern and Western regions of the nation. Rusher shows how this coalition could bring victory, for it aligns what he calls today's real political split–"producers" vs. "non-producers." This new alignment may well dismantle FDR's old "haves" vs. "have-nots," a now-obsolete division that for so long gave power to the Democrats. He presents the "producers"–"businessmen, manufacturers, hard-hats, blue-collar workers and farmers" pitted against "a new and powerful class of non-producers comprised of a liberal verbalist elite [the dominant media, the major foundations and research institutions, the educational establishment, the federal and state bureaucracies] and a semi-permanent welfare constituency, all coexisting happily in a state of mutually-sustaining symbiosis."

Facts You Can Use

One of the features of Rusher's book is his no-nonsense approach to presenting the facts on which any political situation is based. He does not make vague allusions. He gives you *facts* you can use in your own analysis; he answers the questions you will want answered in coming months. Here are some examples:

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- How a new party can be built: how it can *acquire* the leadership and organizational know-how in time for the coming elections–and continue as a power to 1980 and beyond.
- Where the new-party leaders will come from.
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The Third World War Has Ended

(This is an English translation of the greater part of a statement by Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn published in the May 31 issue of the French newspaper, Le Monde. *So far as we know, none of it has been published previously or referred to in this country.)*

WHEN THE First World War was followed by the Second, who could escape the question: won't the Second be followed by a third? How many concessions, how many sacrifices have been made in order to put it off, to avoid it!

But there are not many who realize, and who have the courage to admit, that the Third World War has already taken place, that it ended this very year—and that the free world has irremediably lost it.

The Third World War began at the end of the Second, in 1945 at Yalta, thanks to the shaky pens of Roosevelt and Churchill, who celebrated the victory by handing out concessions: Estonia, Latvia, Lithuania, Moldavia, Mongolia, millions of Soviet citizens forcibly handed over to face death or the camps; and soon Yugoslavia, Albania, Poland, Bulgaria, Rumania, Czechoslovakia, Hungary, East Germany were abandoned to unrestrained violence.

We haven't understood that the Third World War came about differently from its predecessors. It began not with a thundering declaration of war, not with attacks by thousands of airplanes, but invisibly, stealthily boring into the flabby body of the world. It used a variety of pseudonyms—"democratic" transformations that the people approved 100 per cent, cold war, peaceful coexistence, normalization, Realpolitik, detente, trade (which serves only to strengthen the aggressor).

When we study the course of these last thirty years, we see it as a long, sinuous descent—an unbroken descent toward enfeeblement and decadence. The powerful Western states, having emerged victorious from two previous world wars, in the course of these thirty years of peace have lost their real and potential allies, ruined their credibility in the eyes of the world, and abandoned to an implacable enemy whole territories and populations: China (which had been their most important ally in the Second World War), North Korea, Cuba, North Vietnam, today South Vietnam, today Cambodia. Laos is being lost; Thailand, South Korea, and Israel are in danger; Portugal is throwing herself irretrievably into the abyss; Finland and Austria are resigned to their fate, powerless to defend themselves and unable, on the evidence, to expect help from outside. There is no room to list all the little countries of Africa and the Middle East that have become puppets of Communism, and all the others, even in Europe, that hasten to grovel on their knees in order to survive. And the UN has become a podium from which to ridicule the West—a measure of the brutal collapse of Western power.

The victorious nations have transformed themselves into the vanquished, having totally ceded more countries and peoples than have ever been ceded in any surrender in any war in human history. And that is why it is not speaking metaphorically to say: the Third World War has taken place and has ended in defeat.

Today the longest and most visible battle of this war, Vietnam, is ending tragically, with the assassination of thousands, the subjugation of millions more, the creation of immense concentration camps. And as it ends, one might vainly rack one's brain to remember a case when, in the course of these thirty years, the West managed to stand its ground. One could say that yes, it did, on three occasions that are already ancient history: Greece in 1947, West Berlin in 1948, and South Korea in 1950. These inspired hope and faith in the West. But take a look at these three names today. Which of these three places now has the power to resist enslavement? Who will defend them when they are threatened? What Senate will approve the sending of arms and aid? Who will not prefer his own peace and quiet to their liberty? Does NATO still exist, having lost four countries? When valiant Israel was defending herself to the death, Europe was capitulating, country after country, before the threat of a reduction in its Sunday driving.

The Third World War attacks the West at its most vulnerable point: the side of human nature willing to make any concession for the sake of material well-being.

Hence the joy at the ratification of each new accord (as if the Soviet Union had ever respected a single one of them once it ceased to be of use). Soon, at the European Security Conference, the countries of Western Europe will ratify, of their own free will, the slavery of their brothers in the East—believing that they are thus serving the cause of peace.

The situation as I have described it is clear to any average man in the East, from Poznan to Canton. But Westerners will need a great deal of strength, of resolution, to see and accept the evidence of the implacable tide of violence and bloodshed that has methodically, steadily, triumphantly radiated out from a single center for nearly sixty years, and to locate the countries already lined up for the next holocaust.

Of course, no one has the right to demand that the West undertake the defense of Malaysia, of Indonesia, of Formosa, of the Philippines. No one would dare reproach it for not wanting to. But those young men who refused to bear the anguish of the faraway war in Vietnam will not have time to consider that they will fall—not their sons but they—in the defense of America.

It is too late to worry about how to avoid the Third World War. But we must have the courage and clear-headedness to stop the Fourth. To stop it, not grovel on our knees.

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Our Vietcong, 'Tis of Thee . . .

The New York Review of Books, the most widely read and influential left-academic organ in the country, devoted a large part of its June 12 issue to a symposium on "The Meaning of Vietnam." Numerous regular contributors to *The New York Review*—most of them much publicized intellectuals—weighed in with their *obiter dicta*. As an exercise in cultural anthropology—indeed, pathology—we herewith provide some representative specimens:

Susan Sontag: "One can only be glad about the victory of the DRV and the PRG . . . It would have been disheartening if America had its way with Indochina."

Norman Mailer: "The responsibility for the war is entirely ours. . . . In all the technological horror of the social machine and TV's cancer gulch there has to be . . . the notion that all this enormous and stupefying overdevelopment of our years is somehow wrong, gluttonous, and deadening even to the most mindless of Americas [*sic*]."

Robert Lowell: ". . . the Waterloo of anti-Stalinism. . . . In our defeat Communism is inevitable and cleansing, though tyrannical forever."

Mary McCarthy: "There is no doubt that Germany was profoundly changed and sobered by the Nazi defeat, but it would take an atomic catastrophe, I often think, for the U.S. to recover from the American way of life."

Noam Chomsky: "The U.S. Government was defeated in Indochina but only bruised at home. No outside power will compel us to face the record honestly or to offer reparations. . . . The American war was criminal in two major respects . . . it was a case of aggression, conscious and premeditated . . . the conduct of the war was an indescribable atrocity."

Sheldon S. Wolin: "Vietnam and other experiences of recent years signify not only a different future but a different past. December bombings, search and destroy missions, free-fire zones are an indelible part of our history, as are Watergate, the misuse of our natural resources, and the shocking realization that we have a long record of past wrongs against blacks, Indians, and Mexican-Americans. A history has begun to take shape in which we can scarcely recognize ourselves."

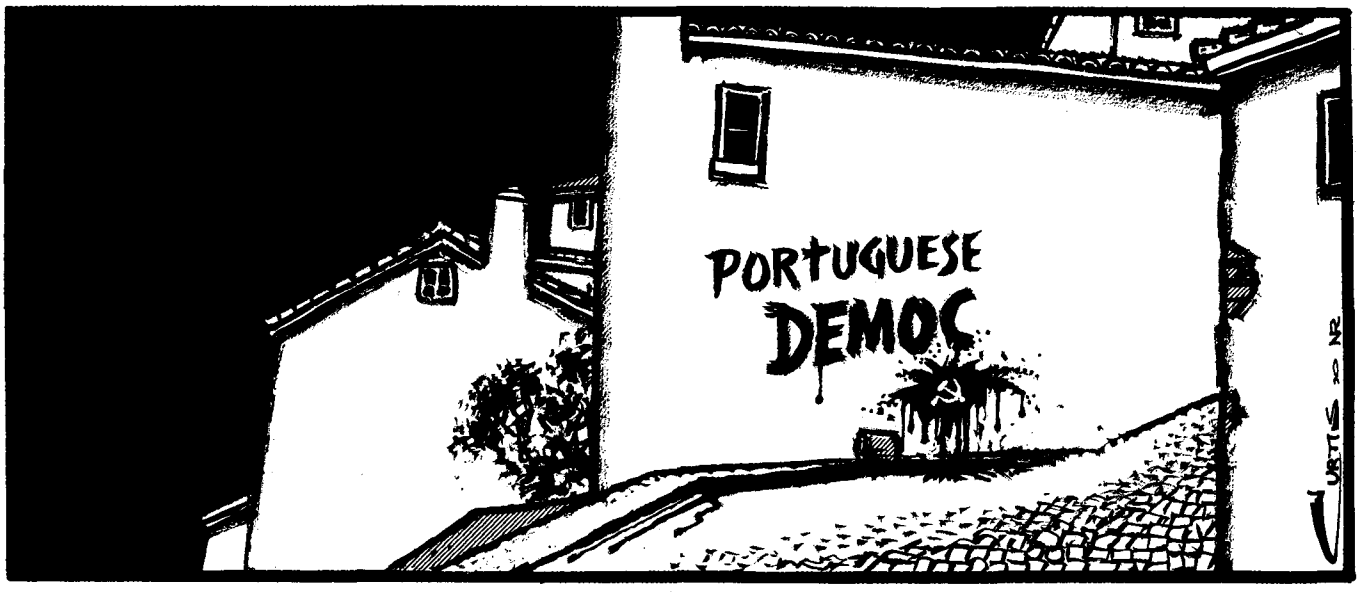
Garry Wills: The "official rejection of the Kerner Report on American racism was a domestic Tonkin Gulf affair . . . Kent State was a domestic Mylai . . . Nixon was the domestic Thieu . . . How obscenely our Congress welcomed the chance to bomb a small Cambodian island. . . . It is too much to hope we can break out of our solipsism."

Enough, and more than enough. Morally at least, we are two nations.

The Car Haters

The Senate Commerce Committee has approved a bill to require auto makers to increase gasoline mileage by 50 per cent by 1980, to a minimum of 21 miles per gallon, and by 100 per cent by 1985, to 28 miles per gallon. Any such numbers are almost meaningless, since mileage varies tremendously with different traffic conditions and driving techniques. Moreover, the goal is to be an average for the firm's total production mix of large and small cars, so that congressmen and big shots can still ride in limousines. If the smaller cars don't sell, the firm's average mileage could miss the target and result in a $100 fine per car for each mile per gallon short of the target. There is to be no penalty for *buying* cars with relatively low fuel efficiency, only for producing too many such cars within the U.S. Rolls Royce gets another subsidy.

The idea is based on the assumption that gasoline is the only thing worth economizing. Mileage could be improved by about 5 mpg by abolishing automatic trans-



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missions, power steering, and air-conditioning. If fuel economy went from 15 to 20 mpg as a result, someone who drives 10,000 miles a year would save 167 gallons of gas—about $100 at sixty cents a gallon. Most of us, including senators' wives, find the cost in added driving effort and reduced comfort much greater than the benefit of $100 saving in annual fuel bills. Another way to improve mileage is to make cars much lighter and less powerful. But to impose such cars on everyone discriminates against large people with large families and no access to mass transit. Small and underpowered cars are less safe than larger, more powerful cars—as Mr. Nader often pointed out before it became unfashionable.

Then there are Congress' own shifting and contradictory priorities, which indicate that fuel economy is only one among many criteria by which to judge an automobile. Emission control devices, before the sulphur-spraying catalytic converters were prematurely introduced, reduced mileage by about 12 per cent. Heavier bumpers and other required equipment added some 260 pounds to what would otherwise be a compact car. Requiring no-lead gasoline meant that engines had to be designed with low compression ratios, which reduced efficiency and gas mileage. To compensate for the loss of power—due to low compression, emission controls, and heavy bumpers—auto engines have tended to grow larger and thirstier than before. We forget that a Lincoln won the first Mobil economy run, in 1951, with 25.4 miles per gallon.

Implicit in the Senate bill is the hope that technology will somehow come up with some radical improvements that will make it possible to have cars that are large and fast enough to be safe, less polluting than existing models, and cheap enough to be affordable. Actually, mandating results should discourage technological innovation. Rotary and turbine engines have good overall potential, but are not yet especially miserly with fuel. Auto makers are not likely to gamble on such uncertainties when rushed to meet a deadline. Instead, they are likely to load existing small cars with gadgets like fuel injection, a fan clutch, overdrive or five-speed manual transmissions, and radial tires. The cars will cost more for less, and they won't sell. It will take many years to replace the huge stock of desirable older cars with those designed in Washington. The net effect on gasoline consumption could well be zero within this decade, except that the unemployed auto workers won't need to buy gas to get to work.

Affluent suburban progressives, who make a big show of their hostility toward American cars, will be untouched. They will be able to afford Mercedes diesels, and still have enough change to buy martinis in the club car of their subsidized commuter trains. And then they will wonder why the auto workers are becoming so deplorably conservative.

Not You, Pie Face

Mirror, mirror, on the wall,
Who's the loveliest of all?
Is it Muskie and his Jane?
Could his nerves survive the strain?
Or will Humphrey run again,
Squandering our oxygen?
With Alaska pushing pot,
Would McGovern win the lot?
What of Jackson? Whither George?
Would he raise his party's gorge?
If it's Teddy, I'll recall
Chappaquiddick in the fall.

W. H. VON DREELE

Big John

Big John Connally is back in town, and he's got lots of citizens excited and lots of politicians of all sorts and complexions worried. If there was anything that seemed obvious a year ago, just after a grand jury had handed down an indictment against him on two charges of bribery, it was that Connally was down for the count. He was a Democrat who had served Richard Nixon, a politician who opted to go Republican at a time when it was obvious to anyone with a halfway honed political instinct that Richard Nixon's coming disgrace would rub off on his party. In due course Nixon followed Agnew into outer darkness. Nixon associates stood up, were tried, went off to jail. But with Connally the script was different. He hired the best lawyer in town, the flamboyant Edward Bennett Williams, and took the stand in his own defense, and the two of them convinced 12 men good and true that John B. Connally was not guilty as charged. A couple of months later John B. Connally, former Secretary of the Treasury, former Governor of Texas, the man who was sitting beside John Kennedy on that fatal day in Dallas, was back on *Face the Nation*, undaunted, debonair, letting everyone know that he was back in the no-limit political game. He didn't think it was in any way certain that Gerald Ford had the Republican nomination sewed up. He would be delighted to support Ford, of course, if Ford showed the kind of "initiative, imagination, firmness, and determination" that the country needed. But he was keeping his options open. Wait and see. No, he wasn't in the Reagan camp. He would describe himself as a moderate rather than a conservative. He was just going to mosey around for a while, make a few speeches here and there. He'd speak out on the issues of national concern, and "we'll see what happens from there."

And that's what has them speculating from the Pecos to the Potomac. There are two scenarios. One is straightforward. Connally goes back to Texas where everyone agrees he can get the Republican senatorial nomination for the asking, runs against his erstwhile protégé turned

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political enemy, Lloyd Bentsen, and beats him hands down, thus scotching not only Bentsen's senatorial ambitions but his presidential ambitions as well. As a United States Senator, Connally would be back in the political limelight and ready for higher things. That has the Democrats worried, particularly a certain Texas Democrat.

The other scenario is more devious, but not without interest. In this one Connally supplants Rockefeller on the ticket next year, which would help Ford win back at least some of the support of conservative Republicans who opposed the Rockefeller appointment. A Ford-Connally ticket might not absorb the Wallace constituency, but it could attract some of the disgruntled middle class Democrats who see their party being taken over by the radicals.

What's in it for John Connally is the next question, the answer to which among those weaving this particular tapestry is that in 1979 and '80 he would, as elected Vice President, be urging his own candidacy on the party.

Go and Sin No More

Last winter, when the rising storm about the CIA had become fierce enough to blot out the Washington Monument, President Ford appointed a commission, headed by his Vice President, to undertake a general examination of the subject organization, with particular reference to its alleged crimes and misdemeanors, and to report back in due course to himself and the nation. We commented at the time (*NR*, Jan. 31, 1975): "The current CIA flap appears to us as a Media episode with only the flimsiest attachments to Terran reality. . . . President Ford seems to have estimated this fume and fuss at its true value. His Blue Ribbon Commission consists, for the most part, of solid and reasonably well informed types who know what goes on and are able to distinguish real events in Terra from pseudo-events in Media. We may hope and expect that they will gradually anesthetize the frothing patient that the President assigned to their clinic."

Even thus, as in the denouement of a well-made play, it now comes to pass. "Rockefeller Inquiry Clears CIA of Major Violations," declares a June 3 *New York Times* headline. "Vice President Rockefeller said today that his commission's five-month investigation of the Central Intelligence Agency had found incidents in which the CIA violated the law but no widespread pattern of illegal activity. . . . 'There are things that have been done which are in contradiction to the statutes, but in comparison to the total effort they are not major.' "

He has handed the Commission's 350-page report over to the President ("You are going to be surprised and pleased by the comprehensive nature of the material that's in there," he told the journalists at his press conference). Within a couple of weeks it will be officially released or unofficially leaked to the rest of us, and you can be sure that those of us who ever read it would fit

"You're just what we need in Congress, Dawson: young blood."

in a Beetle. Meanwhile, at the other end of Pennsylvania Avenue, the parallel congressional CIA hearings chug along to a daily diminishing audience. It inevitably gets boring to keep hearing about assassins who somehow never assassinate anybody.

New York Sinks

New York City is plagued by a number of time bombs left by the Lindsay administration. The old game of borrowing against future taxes to finance incredibly generous benefits for municipal workers (=voters) has ended. The future is here. The city can no longer afford to support John Lindsay's habit of setting up useless patronage-dispensing agencies like the Office of Apparel Industry Planning or the Department of Ports and Terminals. Chronic deficits of 8 to 10 per cent and a twelvefold rise in short-term debt in the last decade are symptoms of a city living beyond the means of its residents.

Higher taxes, proposed by Mayor Beame, can only accelerate the flight of productive people and business, ultimately making matters worse. There are already 22 different municipal taxes which, at $648 per person, are the highest in the nation. Shifting the burden to state or federal taxes won't help, because almost 79 cents of a typical Manhattan family's tax dollar goes to the federal or state government. Total direct and indirect taxes can easily take half the income of a middle-income New York family.

Last year, Mayor Beame talked about laying off 12,700 employees, but only 1,941 (out of a city payroll

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of 330,000) were actually gone by April. With great theatrics, the Mayor offered a "horror list," stressing layoffs for thousands of police and firemen if federal or state aid weren't increased. But police and fire services amount to only 16 per cent of city expenses—less than the amount going to pay interest on $13 billion of outstanding debt. The Mayor's "crisis budget" is actually 7 per cent *higher* than the $11.1-billion current budget, and it probably understates welfare expenses. A City Budget Bureau study predicts a $1.3-billion deficit for 1976-77.

There is no shortage of things that could be done. Among others: charge tuition at the City University; contract out garbage collection and road paving to private firms; consolidate the city zoos; sell the subways, municipal hospitals, and municipal radio and television stations; and eliminate the Veterans, Human Rights, and Collective Bargaining agencies which duplicate work by state and federal agencies. The question is whether any politician can buck the tremendous power of the city bureaucracy and its dependents and show the imagination and courage to face up to the hard choices that must be made.

Pack It In, Mr. Douglas

It is difficult indeed to raise the question of Supreme Court Justice William O. Douglas without seeming vindictive or even ghoulish. This magazine, to put it at a minimum, has not been among his passionate admirers. Nevertheless, were Justice Douglas among the judicial titans of our history, the same questions would at this point arise. The best interests of Court and nation can no longer be served by polite silence.

Justice Douglas has been on the bench since 1939. All the current indications point to the conclusion that he is now far more incapacitated than we have been led to believe. After three months of treatment for a stroke in Walter Reed Hospital, he emerged paralyzed on the left side and unable to walk. During his brief recess from medical care, he held a press conference at which both the content and the manner of his remarks gave rise to serious misgivings among those in attendance. He is now reported to be undergoing six hours of therapy every day at the Institute of Rehabilitation Medicine at New York University.

It is manifest that Mr. Douglas cannot perform his duties on the Court, and the likelihood of his being able to do so in the future appears to be extremely small. The press has reported that he is determined to hang onto his post, if breath remains, until January 1977 so that "stone age politicians" will not be the ones appointing his successor. He means President Gerald Ford.

The Court this year and next will have a crowded and important agenda, and faces decisions on capital punishment, abortion, campaign financing, and probably quotas, busing, and other explosive issues. It is unacceptable that the twilight political stubbornness of Mr. Douglas should hobble the Court, and—by his absence or his presence—distort its decisions, in the performance of the nation's business for the next year and a half.

Notes & Asides

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

I have just finished reading the Buckley column which appeared in the April 20, 1975 edition of *The Stars and Stripes*, under the heading, "Firing the gun might erase doubts in RFK assassination."

The following sentence appears in the third paragraph: ". . . Because there is something wholesome in the notion of *res adjudicata*: the answered question."

Black's Law Dictionary, Fourth Edition, comments as follows on the term *res adjudicata*:

> A common but indefensible misspelling of *res judicata*. The latter term designates a point or question or subject-matter which was in controversy or dispute and has been authoritatively and finally settled by the decision of a court; that issuable fact once legally determined is conclusive as between parties in some action or subsequent proceeding. [Citation]
>
> *Res adjudicata* (if there be such a term) could only mean an article or subject of property "awarded to" a given person by the judgment of a court, which might be the case in replevin and similar actions.

Given the context in which you used the term *res adjudicata*, it would appear that you and Black's Law Dictionary, Fourth Edition, are at variance.

Devotedly,
William P. Rudland
Lt Col USAF
APO New York

Dear Colonel Rudland: Black's of course is right. Nevertheless, the term persists and now you find *res adjudicata* (sic) in the dictionaries. But no excuse.

Cordially,
—WFB

■ Deciding that a 1969 book titled *Wild Tongues* libeled William F. Buckley Jr., a judge here awarded the conservative columnist $7,500 punitive damages yesterday in his suit against the author, the Rev. Franklin H. Littell, a religion professor at Temple University in Philadelphia. Federal District Judge Thomas P. Griesa, noting that Dr. Littell's purpose had been to warn Christian churches against political extremism, ruled that he had made "profoundly serious accusations" by characterizing Mr. Buckley as "a fascist fellow-traveler" who purveyed

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fascist propaganda in the guise of conservatism. The book was withdrawn by the publishers, the Macmillan Company, when Mr. Buckley filed his suit in 1970.

New York Times
People in the News
May 23, 1975

■ Dear Commodore Buckley:

As a result of your latest plug in *NR*, the Sweat/Shoppe has been inundated with orders.

However, the price for the NATIONAL REVIEW *Sweat/*Shirts is $7 each postpaid, and $5 for the *Tee*/Shirts.

We are advising the thousands of readers who ordered Sweat/Shirts of the $7 price, but perhaps you could mention this in the next "Notes and Asides." Shirts are available in one color, "athletic grey," and two sizes—Large and Too Large.

Best regards,

Cordially,
Don Lipsett
The Decatur Shop
P.O. Box 126
North Adams, Michigan 49262

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

A rambling letter here, with a point embedded in it somewhere, I hope. I was reading the issue of September 27, which I had missed while out of the country. In the ensuing months passions will have cooled: it's all reflective and ruminative now. Do you recall Mr. Carspecken sadly complaining of your use of some jawbreakers? I'd like to comment. (The success of Mr. Edwin Newman's little book on Present English—actually neither profound nor learned, but attractively opinionated—shows once again that people *like* to talk about words. And isn't anyone who likes to talk about words on our side—yours, Carspecken's, mine?) Just below your exchange on velleities et al. Mr. Teichert complains of your pronunciation of heinous.

I have sworn never except sometimes to argue pronunciation—the British, after all, say deck-a-dent—but I do want to chide you fraternally for your resort to Webster III. Have you not heard that W-III is a historic lexical disaster, so wrongly conceived and so badly executed that there will be no W-IV done (in) by Gore and his kind (if indeed any of his kind still make themselves known)? W-III is a *political* work, made to suck up to the new egalitarian man. It is a paradigmatic (fashionable word!) victim of acute Rationalism, a defeat for scholarship and sense. You can find sanction for—but almost never sanction against—anything ever wrote or spake by man in its pages. To quote W-III in favor is but a small and fragile bit of support for any usage. There is very little that should be debated with W-III as arbiter or authority.

Consider your letter to Carspecken. "Re Nixon," you write. The use of *re* to mean concerning, about, in reference to, as to, in the question of, and so on, goes back to 1704, the OED tells us, and W-II says so too, without stricture. But many modern writers of usage guides say NO.

Fowler: "For the use of this telltale little word, see COMMERCIALESE AND ILLITERACIES."

Bernstein: "In the same category [as anent]" which he calls a "forget-'em word, tasteless as a gold toothpick. . . . Leave this one to the lawyers."

Evans: ". . . let the lawyer have his ablatives to him reserved and use the good English *about* or *concerning* or *in regard to*." He adds that "*in re* is a hybrid monster, possibly, piling ignorance upon presumption, thought to be an abbreviation of *in regard to*." To which I might append the thought that most people who say "*re* something" pronounce it Ray, on the assumption that it is "Latin," while they go on thinking it stands for "regarding."

Is there not some evidence, then, that in our times to huddle under the aegis of a dictionary, almost any dictionary, will not always settle matters among friends? Look at the (12/6/74) issue of NATIONAL REVIEW. In "For the Record" we find that "Moynihan will be resigning momentarily," but political resignations are permanent. (Aside: Who is the "I" of the last sentence of 'The Week"?) Cato, who learned Greek at eighty and English as a boy, says Republicans are *restive*. Does he mean restless? Then why not say so? Does he mean, however, stubborn, hard to manage, donkey-like? Who can be sure? C. D. Williams, the eulogist of Prof. Bickel, begins with "the tragic death." "Tragic"? Not untimely? lamentable? unfortunate? regrettable? Joyce, following Aristotle at some distance, objected vehemently to this use; and, to anticipate rebuttal, I point out that at the end Williams says we are "saddened." Sadness is a curiously weak emotion to be visited on us by a tragedy.

It's nice to have a person and a place to send thoughts like these to. Nothing against NATIONAL REVIEW. Unlike Carspecken, I'm stickin' with the union (of like minds). The issue is particularly good, and Nash's essay on Amnesty International is a model of fairness and honorable intentions. Alas, they are misspent. AI is already doomed. The leftists will assuredly take it over—it is a historical imperative—and Mr. Berenson in his innocence will wonder what happened.

Sincerely,
Bertram Lippman
School of General Studies
Queens College,
New York

Dear Mr. Lippman: To record that a word is in use, and to give the meaning popularly associated to it, is not necessarily an act of benediction. It is true (cf. Dwight Macdonald's review of it in the *New Yorker* in 1959) that W-III cops out by restricting its use of admonitory introductions, such as, *Slang*. But a comprehensive dictionary is handy, on the understanding that its strictures are not binding. Cordially, **—WFB**

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Insoluble

IN THE LAST REPORT in this space, the first of several attempts to anticipate the course of the 1976 presidential scramble, I suggested a rule: watch the money. My thesis was that money is more important now than ever (because of the proliferation of preferential primaries, and changes in the Democratic Party's delegate selection rules that complicate and expand the number of jurisdictions in which candidates must compete); money is more scarce than ever (the new campaign financing laws restrict the amounts individuals can give and candidates can spend); as a result of this "reform," candidates are using expensive direct mail appeals to large numbers of small contributors, and, hence, raising money costs more money than it used to cost, and requires more long-range planning. The conclusion I drew was that this conferred a great advantage on the three candidates—Senators Lloyd Bentsen and Henry Jackson and Governor George Wallace—who have a lot of money already in the bank (Bentsen has $1.5 million, and the other two have more) and have money machines humming.

Now for rule two: the Democratic Party has an insoluble problem. The name of the problem is Wallace.

Evidently Wallace is healthy enough to make the Democratic Party sick. His doctors say he is strong and getting stronger. Of course it is prudent to distrust politicians' doctors. (If you wonder why, consult Jim Bishop's book, *FDR's Last Year.*) Wallace's handshake—the politician's most precious possession—is more than firm: it has the power of a man whose arms must do some of the work of his legs. When he spoke to the freshman Democrats in the House of Representatives, his skin looked sallow, his eyes shrunken: he can have bad days. But when he spoke at St. John's prep school in Washington, he radiated vigor. When he pulled himself erect at the podium, and his aides quickly adjusted the braces on his legs, the audience was stirred, and gave him an ovation that was all the more remarkable considering what had preceded the speech.

St. John's is a fine Catholic school with a strong Reserve Officers' Training Corps. It is, broadly speaking, conservative. Each year the school holds a father-son dinner at which a public figure is honored. When school officials announced that this year's speaker would be Wallace, there was a furor. Strong objections were heard even from conservative supporters of the school, and from the more activist Catholic clergy in the District of Columbia. Wallace magnanimously offered to step aside and let the school pick another speaker. The school declined his offer, and the dinner was a success, in spite of conspicuous absences, including some prominent local church and political dignitaries.

Both the furor and the warm response to Wallace at the dinner dramatize two imponderables about Wallace's drive for the Presidency. All candidates have political opponents. But Wallace has a basic acceptance problem. It is very rare that a man can be a serious presidential candidate and still find that an invitation to him is considered a blunder, almost an act of bad taste. On the other hand, the warmth of the audience response to Wallace may mean that his physical disability produces a countervailing reaction that is more than mere sympathy. George Wallace's conspicuous grit makes him seem, as never before, a serious man.

CERTAINLY the Democratic Party leaders are taking him seriously. Senator Thomas McIntyre of New Hampshire recently ripped the Wallace candidacy as "incredible and appalling," and "the voice of the political primitive," and the return of "the dark domain of Know Nothings." McIntyre declared that the nomination of Wallace by the Democratic Party would be "the greatest betrayal of political principle in history," and "any Democratic presidential candidate who says he could live with George Wallace as his running mate will also have to live with the stain of that betrayal."

That is strong stuff, stronger, indeed, than the famous 1964 convention-eve letter released without William Scranton's approval by some of his overzealous aides. That letter charged that "Goldwaterism has come to stand for a whole crazy-quilt collection of absurd and dangerous positions that would be soundly repudiated by the American people in November." Scranton promptly repudiated the letter. McIntyre stands by his words. And McIntyre does not stand alone.

Senate Majority Leader Mike Mansfield, an almost unnaturally nice, taciturn, and straightforward politician, recently was asked if he would support a ticket that had Wallace in either the first or second spot. Mansfield replied: "No." Then in what is, for Mansfield, a gusher of rhetoric, he added: if Wallace is on the ticket "I guess I wouldn't vote for President or Vice President."

MCINTYRE'S ferocity and Mansfield's stature make their remarks extraordinary. These and similar remarks indicate that Wallace is a phenomenon very nearly unprecedented in the history of American politics. When, in the near future, he formally announces his candidacy, he will become the candidate with the most—and most avid—popular support, and also the candidate with the most—and most determined—opposition. It is wrong to think that the polarizing nature of George Wallace's candidacy is a simple case of the "rank-and-file" opposing the Party's "power structure." Wallace has few supporters in the power structure, but he has lots of opponents in the rank-and-file. A rival candidate recently took a poll among Democrats in a bellwether Midwestern state. He found that Wallace has more support than any other candidate, but that even more Democrats said they were unalterably opposed to him.

Wallace is the reason why less than a year after a Republican President resigned in disgrace amid loud lamentations about the disintegration of the Republican Party, it is the Democratic Party that has a problem that is, as far as anyone can now see, insoluble. □

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Secrets

The Protracted Conflict

JAMES BURNHAM

In BRITAIN last winter there was a public flap over the government's proposal to increase the allowance paid to the Queen for the conduct of her official duties. As one of their contributions to the fracas, leftwing stalwarts launched the demand that the government disclose the details of the Queen's personal fortune and private income. This the government declined to do.

However, anyone interested was able to satisfy his curiosity one February morning when *Morning Star*, the Communist Party's newspaper, published the information. Secret documents concerning the subject had been leaked from a source with access to them in their supposedly secure lair within the Department of Industry.

This leak bruised a particularly sensitive nerve in the British ethos, but there had been a number of others in the last several years, some of more moment to the national weal. A special Scotland Yard detail and more than a hundred security officers attached to the Ministry of Defense are busy trying to stop the leaks by locating and turning off the sources.

Those in charge of this plugging squad have noted that "they face a different situation from that in the 1950s and 1960s, when the main preoccupation was with espionage conducted on behalf of the Soviet bloc countries." Leaks of the *Morning Star* type, they figure, are designed primarily to "discredit the British government." "These people do not look on it as espionage," said one officer who kept his name unleaked. "If you said they were traitors to their country, they would deny it. They are not foreign agents, but simply people pursuing a leftwing philosophy." And he concluded with a sigh: "It is much more difficult to put a finger on them than on foreign agents."

Neither Traitor Nor Spy

Obviously, these comments apply to the U.S. as readily as to Great Britain. In both countries, of course, there are still plenty of espionage agents leaking confidential material to their masters. But in both—and in not a few others—there are also increasing numbers of persons with access to confidential material who, in a manner that used to be restricted to heads of government and cabinet members, leak it to the public at large. This kind of leakage, become common, has created problems of new kinds, for the solution of which existing administrative procedures, laws, and traditional attitudes are inadequate.

Although some of these new-style leaks do, as a matter of objective fact, give aid and comfort to hostile governments, neither the leakers nor those who publish their leaks are guilty of treason or of unlawful espionage as these crimes have been defined. The leakers, that is, are not traitors and not spies (not foreign spies, that is; some have been *our* spies). Many of them are accurately described as "subverters," since their motive for leaking is to subvert a government policy which they disapprove, or even, in some cases, the government itself. However, the most widely appropriate term is "dissenter." Whatever else they are up to, their leaks express their dissent from an action, policy, or procedure of the government or from the government in its entirety.

Dissenters have always been a headache for governments. For governments, dissenters are always a nuisance, and often a danger or what looks as if it could easily become a danger. So governments are prone to see dissenters as traitors, foreign agents, criminals, maniacs, or crackpots, under any of which interpretations there are established ways of dealing with them. In Stalin's time the Kremlin shot dissenters or threw them into labor camps, as traitors, foreign agents, and criminals; lately, it seems to prefer shutting them up as maniacs. Our government, burdened with a Constitution, Bill of Rights, Due Process, and all that, has more embarrassment in dealing with these political spoilsports.

The Department of Justice has been testing a new gimmick in its battle to suppress ex-CIA officer (and current dissenter) Victor Marchetti's leaks (in *The CIA and the Cult of Intelligence*): the claim that publication of classified matter by a government employee who has had access to such matter is a breach of contract because in violation of the pledge all such employees sign as a condition of access. Sort of like nailing gangsters for income tax indiscretions. The Supreme Court's refusal, last month, to review a lower court's acceptance of this gimmick in the Marchetti case leaves it binding in that particular case but still open as a general legal principle. Whatever its juridical future, I am afraid it will prove even less effective in plugging all leakage than the income tax gimmick has been in wiping out all gangs.

How to Keep a Secret

There is one way and only one to have an absolute guarantee against leaks, and that is by having no secrets. I will grant that a government has got to have a few secrets (and therefore *cannot* be absolutely guaranteed against leaks), but from the standpoint of the security and well being of the citizens, there is no need for even a hundredth part of the secrets every government jealously tries to hoard. Our own government's secrets (i.e., bits of information that are officially "classified") number in the billions and billions. The administrative and physical procedures used in trying to keep the secrets secret add billions of dollars yearly to the federal budget. Most of this enormous mass of expensive secrets is generated by a bureaucratic breeder-reaction process. It is a Parkinsonian tumor gone wild.

The hypertrophied secrecy habit is congenial to authoritarians and bureaucrats, but some of the others who become acquainted with it conclude that it is ridiculous or evil and probably both. They lose the feeling of respect that is the psychological guardian of the secrets, and are thus morally primed for leaking. Cut down to 1 per cent of its present size, the secrecy stockpile would be large enough to include everything that really needs to be hidden from us laymen. Thus shrunk, it would be a hundred times easier to protect—psychologically and politically as well as physically easier—from prying eyes and blabbing mouths. □

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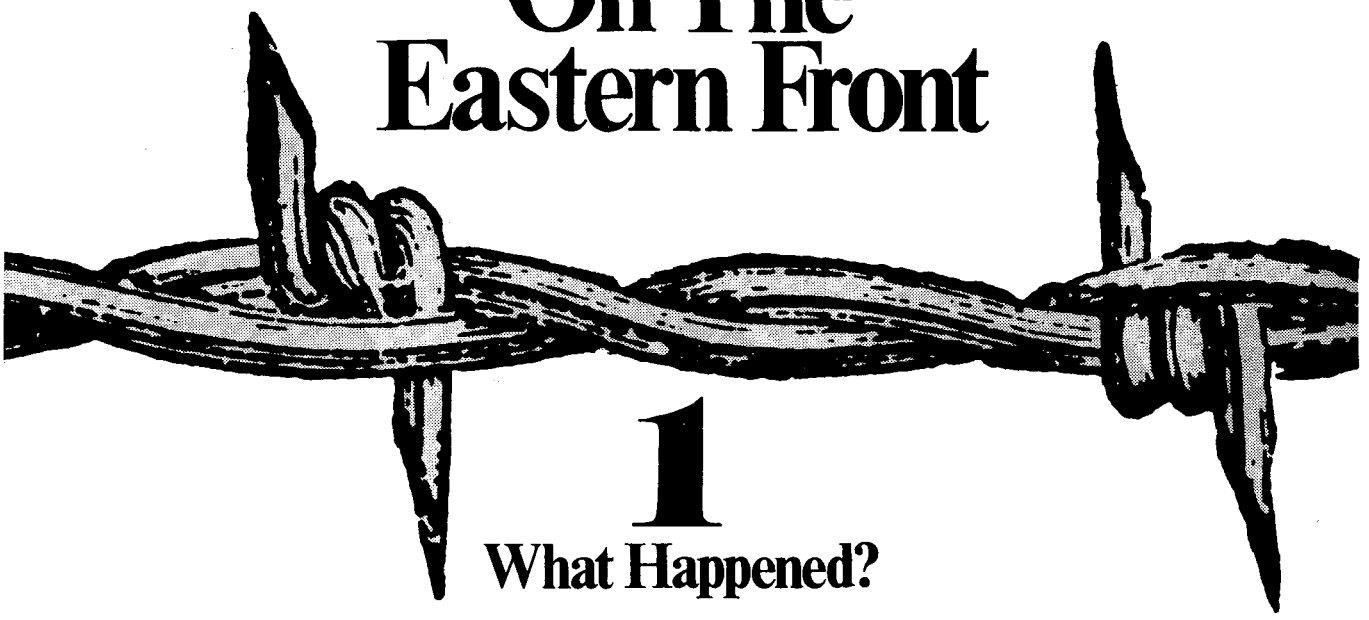
All Quiet On The Eastern Front



1 What Happened?

ANTHONY T. BOUSCAREN

AMERICA HAS BECOME "a simpering, defeatist, isolationist nation. The damage done to America by the Vietnam debacle is inestimable. It is going to work a spell on America for 25 years. America is going into a national eclipse, and it is going that way willingly. It is bad enough for me personally to leave a place where I had planned to build a life. I don't expect anyone to give a damn about that. But America has lost its honor, and no one cares about that either." So spoke Peter Glick, a 35-year-old American businessman who lived and worked in Saigon for nine years before being evacuated.

The *Canberra Times* editorialized on April 6: "It seems unfortunately true that the prestige of the U.S. as an ally will suffer. . . . Thailand now apparently deems it unwise to continue its links with the U.S. . . . tremors will reverberate through South Korea, Taiwan, and perhaps also the Philippines and Indonesia. Should Australia also begin to re-examine its position with the U.S. alliance?"

The same day Tokyo's respected *Mainichi* noted: "The political withdrawal of the U.S. from Indochina will have far-reaching effects. The declining prestige of the U.S. in Southeast Asia is causing policy changes in the area."

According to Alexandra Dor-Ner, a young American-born photographer married to an Israeli television director, the collapse of Indochina, despite America's commitment and guarantees, has been impressed upon Israel's collective awareness in a fearful montage of past and present. Television news clips of refugees fleeing Danang trigger memories of narrow escapes from Europe's concentration camps. Kissinger's failed peace treaties become "peace in our time."

The *London Spectator* went so far as to say: "It is now doubtful how long American commitment to Europe will last. . . . All around the world American horns are being drawn in."

A new wave of revisionism now informs us that we should never have tried to defend Indochina in the first place, that we did more damage to the people concerned than the Communists, that the South Vietnamese forces did not fight, that the victory of the Communists was inevitable, and that we should never again come to the assistance of a threatened government of that type.

It is useful, before the dust has settled, to look at the record, especially since the time of the North Vietnamese invasion of Easter 1972.

At the end of 1970, Hanoi's Politburo was much encouraged. The moratoriums at the end of 1969 had been followed by violent demonstrations over Cambodia in 1970. In subsequent statements and broadcasts President Nixon had sounded apologetic and more defensive on the Vietnam issue. The failure of the Republicans to make any real gains in the midterm elections suggested that the President's popularity was waning. Hanoi drew the conclusion that he would be vulnerable in an election year. Just as they had succeeded in overthrowing the Joseph Laniel Cabinet in France in 1954, and President Johnson in 1968, so it appeared to the members of the Politburo that they could do so to President Nixon in 1972. They were encouraged in this view by antiwar visitors to Hanoi during 1970. "If peace was the objective of these visitors they certainly went

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Mr. Bouscaren's most recent book (of 15) is Is the Cold War Over? *He teaches at Le Moyne College and has published in a dozen journals.*

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to the right capital; unfortunately they had exactly the opposite effect," wrote Sir Robert Thompson in *Peace is Not at Hand.*

Hanoi was concerned about the growing offensive capability of the South Vietnamese forces early in 1971. Communist efforts in neighboring Cambodia and Laos were also losing their momentum. Throughout 1971 Soviet military hardware poured into North Vietnam: MiG 21s, SAM missiles, T-54 tanks, the unrivalled 130 mm. guns, 130 mm. mortars, and, for the first time, SA 7 heat-seeking missiles, together with spares, ammunition, trucks, and POL (petroleum, oil, and lubricants) in unprecedented quantities.

Within South Vietnam Vietnamization and pacification continued to progress; there was an excellent harvest, and greater stability and prosperity than ever before. President Thieu was re-elected in October 1971 and the POW issue had given a new impetus to the end-the-war movement. Thus 1972 was the right year for the next invasion.

The South Vietnamese could see enemy forces building up in four areas. First, the NVA (North Vietnam Army) was cranking up an attack force in the north from Khe Sanh and across the DMZ (with the 304th and 308th divisions), including a strike east from the Laotian border toward Hué (the 324th division). The objective of these units was to defeat the ARVN (Army of Vietnam) forces in Region I, capturing Hué and threatening the major supply port and air base at Danang (sixty miles to the south).

A second attack force (the 2nd and 320th divisions) was aimed at the Central Highlands, especially Kontum. Further south, in Region III, the 5th, 7th, and 9th NVA divisions could be expected to attack toward Saigon, either down Route 13 through An Loc or down the more densely populated route through Tay Ninh and along Route 1. The fourth thrust included the 3rd division in the mountains in northern Binh Dinh Province and the 1st division on the Cambodian border south of the Mekong River.

THE PROSPECT of defending South Vietnam from attacks on all these fronts, when the choice of place and time rested with Hanoi, was not good. With the defensive forces stretched thin, it was necessary to hold the reserves until the main enemy thrust could be identified.

At 0200 hours on March 30, the invasion started across the DMZ, with secondary strikes in the Central Highlands toward Kontum and in Binh Long Province toward An Loc. Some 120,000 men were involved, supported by Russian T-54 tanks and 130 mm. guns which outranged the American 105 mm. and 155 mm. howitzers in the fire bases by more than six miles. The invasion would result in battles greater than any seen in the world since Korea twenty years before, and bigger than those in the Six Day War in the Middle East.

The widespread nature of these attacks was praised by many commentators as showing the brilliance of General Giap's strategy and the flexibility of his forces. The imminent collapse of South Vietnam was expected, and "the whole press was busy sharpening its knives-through-butter smiles" (Thompson). This time the ARVN was on its own, although with American volunteer advisors and crucial air support. On April 6, the Nixon Administration resumed bombing North Vietnam.

After initial reverses in the north, the ARVN held a defensive line 25 miles north of Hué, then prepared for the counteroffensive which was to recover Quang Tri. To meet the attack from the northwest, the ARVN held at the defensive position, Fire Base Bastogne. At both points three ARVN divisions held off six NVA units. The defensive forces at An Loc were completely cut off and had to be supplied by parachute drops. It was to become the symbolic battle of the invasion. At Kontum the ARVN 2nd division held, and on May 30 President Thieu flew in to promote the divisional commander and proclaim the victory.

The fighting qualities of the ARVN soldiers in defense, and the weight of American air power were vital factors, but so were the mistakes of the NVA. The attacks in the different sectors were not coordinated, nor were the tank and infantry attacks. Over 3,000 NVA tank crews had had five months training at the Russian armored school in Odessa. They were taught to drive and maintain, but were not taught the tactical use of tanks.

Nixon found he could not press his advantage because of increased domestic pressures to accept a ceasefire on any superficially acceptable basis

ARVN's numerical strength and fighting capability increased throughout the invasion. Over 84,000 recruits completed their full training from May through July, which more than offset the casualties. There were so many volunteers for the elite divisions, such as the airborne and marines, that drafting was not required. Meanwhile American M-48 tanks, TOW antitank missiles, and 175 mm. guns were pouring into Saigon together with large quantities of aircraft and other replacements. The U.S. Air Force had developed new laser- and television-guided "smart bombs" which were quite devastating in their accuracy. The publicized effectiveness of the bombing had important morale effects for both sides.

American credibility was restored by the mining of Haiphong and other North Vietnamese ports on May 8. It was clear to all the world, and especially to Moscow, that the United States was not going to acquiesce in the destruction of an ally. Far from weakening President Nixon's hand at the Moscow Summit, it strengthened it. There was not a word of criticism from Mr. Brezhnev.

Not a single provincial capital, out of 44, had been captured and held, although the NVA did occupy Quang Tri briefly. Hanoi's strategy now was to switch the war back to the negotiating table, and then prepare for the next strike when it became clear that the peace would not be enforced. The men of violence have learned that they do not have to accept compromise solutions even when the concessions are higher than they deserve. All they have to do is take the concessions and resume the violence. In these circumstances a bad agreement is worse than no agreement.

President Nixon and Secretary of State Kissinger made important concessions to Hanoi to achieve "peace." The terms were intended to look attractive to the American public, offering, as they appeared to do, an "end to the war"

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and the return of the prisoners. Sir Robert Thompson's comment "that it was South Vietnam which would have to live or die as a result of breaches, abuses, and misinterpretations of the agreement did not worry the appeasers and deserters who equated the withdrawal of the United States with peace. . . ."

Having gained a dominant bargaining position as a result of the highly successful bombing of North Vietnam in December 1972, Nixon found he could not press his advantage because of increased domestic pressures to accept a ceasefire on any superficially acceptable basis. Nor could he press for concessions that really would have ended the war, such as the withdrawal of the NVA into North Vietnam. A real and lasting peace could only have been achieved at this point if he had been in a sufficiently strong position, in terms of American will, to threaten the continuation of the war and of the bombing and mining for as long as necessary. That the U.S. Government no longer had the will to see through its commitment was now crystal clear to Hanoi and Moscow.

The January 1973 agreement allowed the NVA invasion force of 170,000 troops to remain in the northern part of South Vietnam. The provision that they were not to be reinforced could not be supervised. The British Vietnam expert P. J. Honey noted in the *London Telegraph* several weeks later: "Dr. Kissinger's conduct of the whole negotiations appears quite extraordinary, for he made concessions to the Communist side without reciprocation, deliberately kept the South Vietnamese allies in ignorance of what he had conceded, and finally forced an unwilling President Thieu to sign the agreement by a harsh ultimatum."

THIEU WAS especially concerned about the 170,000 Communist troops in South Vietnam. Mr. Nixon wrote to him on November 14, 1972:

> But far more important than what we say in the agreement of this issue—the presence of North Vietnamese troops—is what we do in the event the enemy renews its aggression. You have my absolute assurance that if Hanoi fails to abide by the terms of this agreement it is my intention to take swift and severe retaliatory action. Above all we must bear in mind what will really maintain the agreement. I repeat my personal assurances to you that the United States will react very strongly and rapidly to any violation of the agreement.

On January 5, 1973, President Nixon threatened President Thieu with dire consequences if he did not go along with the U.S. concessions, concluding with this statement: "Should you decide, as I trust you will, to go with us, you have my assurance of continued assistance in the postwar period and that we will respond with full force should the settlement be violated by North Vietnam."

Thieu signed only after being assured that the United States would help the ARVN, as it had in the Easter offensive of 1972, in the event of another invasion. By March 1973 the Communists were already bringing new equipment and troops into South Vietnam in violation of the agreement. In his news conference of March 15, 1973, President Nixon declared: "We have informed the North Vietnamese of our concern about this infiltration and . . . violation of the ceasefire . . . the North Vietnamese should not lightly disregard such expression of concern." The following month Nixon was preparing to resume the bombing of North Vietnam, but rescinded the order the day John Dean testified about the Watergate story.

The North Vietnamese not only violated the agreement in South Vietnam, but in Cambodia and Laos as well. But when Nixon tried to provide significant aid to Cambodia, Congress responded by demanding an end to the bombing of the Communist enemy in Cambodia by August 15, 1973.

In November 1973, the War Powers Resolution passed the Congress. This resolution forbade the President from using U.S. armed forces in defense of any part of Indochina. Then in 1974 Congress cut U.S. aid to South Vietnam in half. After a trip to Vietnam, Representative Leo Ryan of California, a liberal antidefense Democrat, stated: "If the Congress makes further cuts in U.S. assistance programs, it should be done with the realization that the action will weaken the military capability of the South Vietnamese to a dangerous level. The result will probably be a Communist takeover." Ryan found the South Vietnamese army to be "an effective fighting force" but he pointed out that "its ability to defend South Vietnam is being hindered by the lack of matériel." Sizable amounts of equipment lie idle, Ryan reported, "because of a lack of ammunition and/or fuel, thus preventing any counterattacks."

For millions of Vietnamese and not a few Americans the dominant memory will be sorrow and betrayal and guilt

Another visitor to Vietnam was Senator Sam Nunn, a moderate Democrat from Georgia. He noted: "Since the reduction of U.S. aid the military initiative has shifted to the North Vietnamese." This sharp reduction in aid "has reduced mobility for the South Vietnamese forces." The drawdown on available stocks of such things as ammunition, fuel, spare parts, and medical supplies has "already had a negative psychological effect," he said, and "if continued, will inevitably destroy the initiative and aggressiveness of the South Vietnamese forces."

In January 1975, President Ford asked Congress for $300 million in military aid to South Vietnam, and comparable amounts for Cambodia. Not only did Congress not act, but the Democratic caucus resolved not to send *any* military aid to either country. The upshot was the Communist attack in Phuoc Long Province in January, culminating in the major Communist victory at Ban Me Thuot in early March, which led to President Thieu's decision to pull back from the Central Highlands the better to defend South Vietnam with shortened supply lines. The supply of spare parts was less than 50 per cent of estimated requirement; military vehicles and aircraft were limited to about 50 per cent of their past consumption of fuel. The consumption of ammunition had to be curtailed as the U.S. cut back on its contractual maintenance of weapons. The result was that a significant proportion of South Vietnam's planes and helicopters could not be used.

While the United States reduced its aid to South Vietnam, the Soviet Union sent record stockpiles of military

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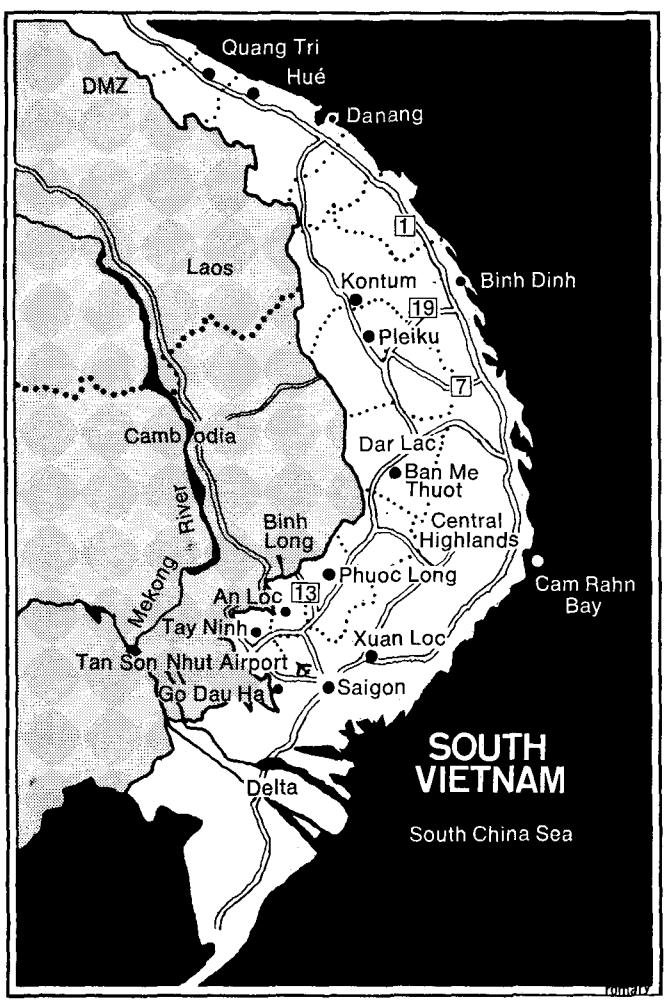
supplies to North Vietnam—$1.7 billions worth in 1974. By late 1974 the Communists were preparing to take advantage of their new-found military superiority.

The official journal of the North Vietnamese Communist Party, *Hoc Tap*, was very much aware of the impact of congressional cutback of aid to South Vietnam. Shortly before the January offensive, it noted: ". . . the intensity of firepower and the amount of mobile equipment of the puppet troops has decreased markedly. . . . This situation indicates that the bomb and ammunition reserves of the puppet troops have decreased and that they are encountering great difficulties in the fuel and maintenance, repair and use of various types of tanks, combat vessels, and heavy weapons. . . ."

Between mid-January and mid-March the Communists launched a series of probing actions against the ARVN, designed to test a) the reaction of the weakened South Vietnamese forces, and b) the reaction of the United States. They had reason to be satisfied on both scores. On March 10, at 3 A.M. the NVA massively attacked the capital of Dar Lac Province, Ban Me Thuot, 150 miles northeast of Saigon. They had attacked before, in 1972 and 1968, only to be repulsed. But this time the ARVN was weaker, and there was no U.S. air power to worry about. After three days of heavy fighting, the NVA was in possession of the capital. A shortage of spare parts and gasoline had precluded the kind of massive resupply and reinforcements which had spelled the difference in the two previous invasions, as far as the defensive forces were concerned. The jungle-covered highlands afforded excellent cover for Communist guerrillas and supplies infiltrating the country from Laos. The U.S. had refused to provide South Vietnam with bombers which might have slowed down the buildup. Hanoi decided this was the time to press the advantage.



On the night of March 13, President Thieu decided to abandon the Central Highlands, saving what could be saved of the army and the people. The President made it known that commanders in the north (Quang Tri and Hué) were to prepare contingency plans to evacuate population and troops, if need be, rather than hold to the last and suffer huge numbers of killed and wounded. Many of his generals and some American advisors had long urged such a policy. Vietnam expert Douglas Pike, with whom I shared these anxious hours, told me that considering the lack of U.S. aid, a successful withdrawal from the relatively uninhabited highlands to shorter defense lines made good sense.

COMMUNIST destruction of the 23rd ARVN division in capturing Ban Me Thuot dramatized to Thieu the altered power balance. But contrary to popular belief, he gave no precipitate order. On March 13, Gen. Ngo Quang Truong, commanding the 1st Corps in the North, flew to Saigon to confer with Thieu. The President ordered Truong to withdraw, abandoning Hué if necessary, but to make a stand at Danang. Truong agreed, adding that he would defend Hué if possible. On March 14, Thieu summoned a top secret council of war at the military base at Cam Rahn Bay, with five generals attending: Thieu; Prime Minister Tran Thien Khiem; Gen. Cao Van Vien, Chief of Staff; Lt. Gen. Dang Van Quang, the President's military advisor; and Maj. Gen. Pham Van Phu, commander of the 2nd Corps headquartered at Pleiku in the Central Highlands.

It was decided to abandon Pleiku and Kontum in the Highlands. The plan was to regroup, then counterattack at Ban Me Thuot. Just when Pleiku and Kontum would be abandoned was left open, a vagueness of historic importance. Four of those present thought the pullout was to take place gradually the last two weeks of March. The fifth man, 2nd Corps commander, Gen. Phu, had a long and valorous record in combat, not only during the 1972 and 1968 invasions, but at Dienbienphu. But he fits a familiar ARVN pattern: a first rate division commander unable to cope with complexities of corps command.

Returning to Pleiku late on March 14, Phu inexplicably ordered the withdrawal that very night without preparation. In the old days American advisors would have restrained him, planned an orderly withdrawal, and mocked up the Ban Me Thuot counterattack. Abandoning equipment worth tens of millions of dollars, Phu's troops set off east on Routes 19B and 7B, the latter a road to hell. 7B is an unimproved road with no bridges, which became chaotic as heavy trucks chewed up river fords. Retreating troops, trailed by 200,000 refugees, were ambushed at Cheo Reo by the 320th North Vietnamese division. The result was more chaos, massacres, and a calamitous retreat.

The disaster on Route 7B quickly spread. Fearing isolation in the North, Gen. Truong ordered a withdrawal from Hué. But the order was countermanded by President Thieu. Countermarching, Truong's forces collided with streams of refugees and soon turned south again. His prized 1st division disintegrated, making the defense of Danang impos-

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sible. Thus, premature withdrawal from Pleiku cost South Vietnam five infantry divisions, the country's northern half, and ultimately the country itself.

The seriousness of the situation seemed not to worry Washington. Congress took off on a leisurely Easter vacation, having taken no action on President Ford's repeated pleas for military aid to South Vietnam and Cambodia (which meantime fell to the Khmer Rouge). President Ford himself departed for a golfing vacation in southern California.

Saigon despaired. One prominent opposition legislator, Nguyen Minh Dang, denounced what he called "the betrayal of the United States." He appealed to the conscience of the American people not to betray the South Vietnamese people because of their personal interests, not to abandon an ally "that fought, side by side, for the ideal of freedom." A prominent paper, *Doc Lap*, declared: "A United States attitude of abandonment will indicate the beginning of the rapid decline of the non-Communist world."

PERHAPS the most stinging rebuke came from moderate Dr. Tran Van Do, a longtime friend of the U.S. and a former Foreign Minister who represented South Vietnam at the ill-fated Geneva Conference of 1954. Dr. Do said:

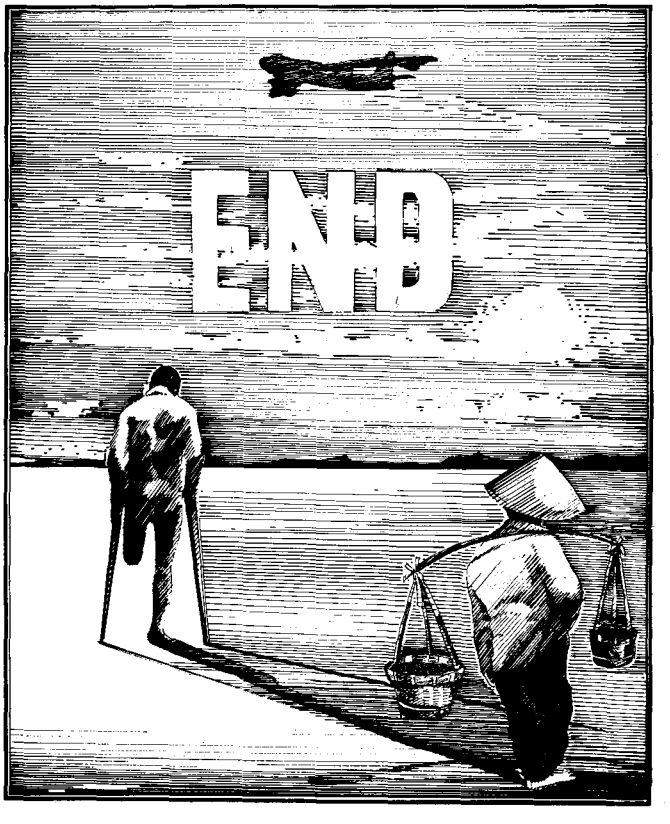
> For the last few days, we have seen pictures in newspapers of Vietnamese refugees evacuating by the hundreds of thousands. The pictures are heartbreaking. They are victims of a most tragic and destructive war. They are victims because they are very simple-minded people who have put faith in the solemn promises, in the respect of the signature, of the most powerful, richest nation in the world on an international agreement. This nation is the United States of America. This promise is the promise to help South Vietnam defend its freedom and territorial integrity, by five American Presidents. This agreement is the ceasefire signed in Paris on January 27, 1973. South Vietnam is being abandoned by a big brother in whom it has put all its faith. So the big brother has betrayed. Nobody can ever believe in American promises.

What was remarkable about the ARVN was that after the precipitous retreat from the north and the abandonment of Danang, it established a defensive perimeter from Tay Ninh to Xuan Loc, and fought back with great courage although outnumbered 2 to 1, from the end of March until the government crisis following the resignation of President Thieu on April 21. Although they had ammunition shortages and the lack of gasoline greatly restricted helicopter and fighter-bomber strikes, the 5th, 18th, and 25th divisions, plus elements of the airborne division, fought well. At Go Dau Ha, a vital highway junction town 32 miles northwest of Saigon, the ARVN were limited to a few rounds of ammunition per day for their 105 mm. and 155 mm. guns. Government air strikes were curtailed drastically because of shortage of spare parts and aviation fuel. But the infantry fought hard.

ARVN troops defending Xuan Loc and the Delta did not run when shells and rockets began to hit their positions. Tangible proof of the stubborness of the Xuan Loc defense was exemplified by the burned-out hulls of T-54 tanks destroyed in the first five Communist attacks. Xuan Loc, a key defensive point forty miles east of Saigon, was defended by the 18th infantry division and an airborne brigade, supplied the last two weeks by helicopters. The attackers included the NVA 7th and 341st divisions. Brig. Gen. Le Minh Dao, Commander of the ARVN 18th division, was asked how come the South Vietnamese fought back at Xuan Loc but not in the north: "How can I speak for them? I can only speak for myself, and we have fought."

The continued pleas of President Ford and Secretary of State Kissinger to the Congress were to no avail. A group of distinguished American scholars, including some top Vietnam experts, Frank Trager of New York University, Wesley Fishel, Howard Penniman, Robert Scalapino, and Paul Seabury, among others, pleaded for last minute assistance: "The fate of Vietnam will be decided in the next several days . . . . the tenacious and heroic resistance now being offered at Xuan Loc and other points proves that the South Vietnamese army *does* have the desire to remain free of Communist control. The desperate flight of over one million refugees from the advancing Communist armies demonstrates this fact beyond any doubt. All Americans have been deeply moved by the plight of the refugees . . . . Humanitarian efforts have sprung up spontaneously to help the orphans, the homeless, and the destitute. But all these humanitarian gestures will have little meaning if the Communists take over Vietnam. As one Vietnamese told the *Washington Post*, the orphan airlift was 'a nice humanitarian gesture . . . . But what about millions of orphans-to-be whose parents are going to be executed by the Communists?' The ultimate humanitarian act is sufficient U.S. military and economic aid to the South Vietnamese so that they can maintain their freedom."

The opportunity to send help to the desperate people in Saigon fighting for their existence passed. The Congress seemed to be impervious to all calls for help. That same day, President Thieu, under great pressure from his political opponents and from Washington, resigned. He re-



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counted the pledge from President Nixon to help if there was another invasion, and the record of sustained Soviet assistance to the invaders. He declared: "I accept all responsibility for what has happened in South Vietnam during my terms as President, whether good or bad . . . . The Americans promised—we trusted them. But you have not given us the aid you promised us . . . ."

The last week of freedom for South Vietnam was one of desperation for the new government (led by Vice President Tran Van Huong), the ARVN, and the people. All knew there was no hope, yet many units fought to the end. President Ford and Secretary of State Kissinger believed that the $700 million in requested U.S. military aid might stabilize the situation and give South Vietnam some bargaining power. But Congress would not be moved.

The American Congress did not care. It was still debating an aid bill on April 29 when "Option 4" evacuation was ordered

Referring to the USSR and Communist China, Ford told the American Society of Newspaper Editors: "It appears that they have maintained their commitment. Unfortunately the U.S. did not carry out its commitment." The next day Kissinger declared: "We shall not forget who supplied the arms which North Vietnam used to make a mockery of its signature on the Paris Accords."

At the end of April, when Tan Son Nhut airport was closed by enemy shelling, Americans and some South Vietnamese were evacuated by helicopter to waiting carriers in the South China Sea. Many South Vietnamese who wanted to leave could not be accommodated. Meantime the pathetic Duong Van Minh was made president so South Vietnam could surrender to the invaders. Millions of refugees who had first fled from North Vietnam in 1954, plus victims of the 1968, 1972, and last invasion, who kept fleeing south, were left to their fate, except for the relatively few who were evacuated or who fled by boat. Peregrine Worsthorne, columnist for the *London Sunday Telegraph*, wrote: "There is general concern at the appalling scale of human suffering involved. But what is surprising, and worrisome, is the lack of any accompanying sense of indignation or moral outrage aimed at those who are causing it; the power-hungry rulers of North Vietnam, ruthlessly bent on conquest and domination over the whole of Indochina."

The tens of thousands aboard the huge evacuation armada sailing away from Vietnam have told endless stories of heroism, loyalty, and love in the last hours.

But for millions of Vietnamese and not a few Americans the dominant memory will be sorrow and betrayal and guilt.

There was scarcely an American in the final weeks who was not forced to share personally in that intense feeling of guilt. It was only the Americans who could do almost anything: cash checks, cut through maddening bureaucratic impediments that had been erected both by Saigon and Washington, and, most of all, get a few Vietnamese to safety.

Nonetheless, countless Vietnamese, knowing they would remain despite all, worked for their American friends to the last. Some who knew they could not leave, however much they wanted to, tried to send out last precious parts of themselves—photographs, the ashes of ancestors, keepsakes, and children.

A few minutes before one of the last groups of distraught Americans rushed from their ravaged offices and hotel rooms to look for a bus to the airport, a Vietnamese friend arrived to say farewell. Some of the Americans were in tears, and the Vietnamese, seeking to comfort them, patted their shoulders and tried hard to reassure them:

"You may hear after you leave that some here have died, perhaps even at their own hand. You must not spend the rest of your lives with the guilt. It is just a part of Vietnam's black fate, in which you, all of you, became ensnared for a time. Fate is changeless and guiltless."

South Vietnam was just getting on its feet by the end of 1974. The people were recovering from war and the rice crop was good. There was the prospect of a shot to the economy by the discovery of offshore oil. There was real hope for the future. But the Communist world did not want South Vietnam to live; and the American Congress did not care. It was still debating an aid bill on April 29 when the "Option 4" evacuation was ordered by President Ford. The events overtook a Congress which had refused to move for four months. Right after the debacle, 72 congressmen refused to vote for a resolution condemning Hanoi's invasion.

PETER KAHN, Pulitzer Prize-winning correspondent for the *Wall Street Journal*, wrote an "Obituary for South Vietnam" in the May 2 issue of that newspaper. He noted that South Vietnam "did manage to resist" for 25 years "and not always with a great deal of American help." Few societies "that I can think of would have struggled so long." He asked: "Was Mr. Thieu really any less of a leader than scores of other retired generals who rule semi-developed nations around the world? I think not. He was, by his own lights, a Vietnamese patriot. And, before being too hard on failed South Vietnamese leaders, perhaps one ought to stop to list the names of truly popular and successful statesmen anywhere in the non-Communist world." If only because the South Vietnamese government was never very efficient, South Vietnam, unlike North Vietnam, never qualified as a totalitarian state. There were some limitations on the power of the president, there was fairly widespread criticism of government policies, there was a surprising diversity of individual opinion and behavior. Kahn asks: "Might South Vietnam have fared better had it been more authoritarian, more rigid and ruthless?"

As to the social structure: ". . . the disparities in Vietnam actually were less glaring than those in a score of other American-allied states from the Philippines to Brazil. The South Vietnamese peasant, when the war was not being fought in his particular paddy, was a prosperous farmer by Asian standards . . . there were some millions of small farmers who owned their own land and made a fair living from their crops. The South Vietnamese peasant,

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in short, was not a downtrodden serf waiting for liberation from some slave master."

As to the ARVN: "It was an army that stood and fought with great courage and competence on a few occasions you remember, like the siege of An Loc. It stood and fought well at a score of places whose names we have forgotten. And it stood and fought well in a thousand little engagements and in a thousand little mud-walled outposts whose names no American ever knew . . . . It was an army that for years watched the Americans try to combat Communists with every wonder of modern weaponry and which then, all too suddenly, was left to face the Communists with American-style tactics but without American-style resources . . . . It was an army that for years was ordered to defend every inch of Vietnamese territory and which tried, with greater or lesser success, to do just that . . . . Several hundred thousand of these soldiers died. More than half a million were wounded. And, in the final weeks of the war, when every American in Saigon knew the war was lost, some of these soldiers continued to fight at places like Xuan Loc and thereby bought a bit of time for the Americans and their chosen Vietnamese to escape with their lives. It was a much better army than it appeared to be at the end."

Nor was it "unreasonable for the Vietnamese to sometimes shrug off responsibility for their own failures, to blame the U.S. for their problems, and, toward the end, when America lost heart for the war and lost interest in Vietnam, to be bitter at America and Americans." Kahn concluded: ". . . the stronger side is not necessarily the better side. 'Better' becomes a question of values and much as I may respect Communist strength and stamina I cannot accept that the Spartan Communist society of North Vietnam is *better* than the very imperfect South Vietnamese society that I knew."

We forced South Vietnam to sign the very imperfect agreement of January 1973, promising to help as in 1972 should the Communists again invade. The Communists did invade again, convinced that Congress would block effective defensive action. The Communists knew more about our Congress than the President of the United States. □

2

The Great Strategic Error

NORMAN B. HANNAH

TO START WITH, let us change the question from "Who lost Indochina?" to another question: "How did the reality of the war in Indochina differ from our perception of it?" This is the key question in one of history's most complexly multifaceted and ambiguous wars.

Ambiguity is the key word—the key to the war, to North Vietnam's success and to our difficulties, particularly during the period of our initial commitment and military buildup running to the Tet offensive of February 1968. Communist strategy was based on preservation of a screen of ambiguity beneath which they could operate at their own level of capability without presenting a clear target to our infinitely greater and more sophisticated capabilities. The screen was briefly withdrawn during the Tet offensive, then quickly restored in the wake of Hanoi's military defeat and political victory, and most recently withdrawn again for the final North Vietnamese victory. We recognized the various aspects of this ambiguity as empirical data and in some cases took vigorous (if not wholly effective) action. But we did not act on a perception of the whole fabric of ambiguity as the means by which the Communist side forced the war into a pattern which channeled our efforts into directions which Hanoi found tolerable (although hurtful), while not depriving it of its own ability to operate on the ground at its own level of military capability.

This cultivated ambiguity had several aspects:

1. In *military tactics*, the North Vietnamese (with their subordinate Vietcong elements) fought like guerrillas simulating the role of an indigenous civil insurrection although they had been largely sent from North Vietnam.

2. In *military strategy*, the North Vietnamese used the forest canopy and the ineffective neutrality of eastern Laos and Cambodia to cover their movement of reinforcements and supplies to South Vietnam.

3. *Politically*, Hanoi used a quadruple canopy under the 1962 Geneva Accords on Laos—the Pathet Lao, the spurious "troika" coalition, the ineffective ICC, and the deadlocked UK-USSR co-chairmen—to protect their use of eastern Laos as a military route to South Vietnam.

4. *Psychologically*, they cast a worldwide veil of obscurity on their actions by refusing (as a totalitarian state can do and others cannot) ever to acknowledge that they had any forces in South Vietnam, Laos, and Cambodia, thereby denying the world a specific target for criticism.

If ambiguity was the weapon on the Communist side, unequivocal clarity should have been our weapon as it traditionally has been. Americans have been criticized for casting complex issues into overly simplified categories of black and white, ignoring the shades of gray, perhaps sometimes a valid criticism in dealing with abstract principles. But when the stage of war has been reached, there are only two sides, "theirs" and "ours." Here, our perception of the ambiguity of the Vietnam War failed us. Instead of tearing away the veil of ambiguity and forcing the war into the kind of clearly demarcated sides which would enable us to

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Mr. Hannah, the United States Consul General in Sydney, Australia, speaks for himself, not the State Department, in this piece.

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extract full measure from our strengths, we cast our response to North Vietnam's ambiguous attack in a pattern which permitted Hanoi the continued use of the ambiguity on which its strategy was based. I am not implying support for extreme notions such as the use of nuclear weapons, or occupying North Vietnam, or "bombing Hanoi back to the Stone Age," or threatening Communist China. What is involved is only the effective dovetailing of political ends and military means. The following four points are consecutively apposite the four numbered points above.

1. We deployed our forces throughout South Vietnam *as if* we were opposing an indigenous insurgency rather than external attack, however masked.

2. We responded to Hanoi's use of the route through Laos by bombing which was only marginally effective without follow-up ground exploitation, and we never effectively insulated South Vietnam against the essential route of external attack.

3. We exercised this restraint because of our desire to maintain the "framework" or, more properly, the "façade" of the Geneva Accords on Laos for future use, despite the fact that under the umbrella of the Accords Laos was being used by Hanoi as the key instrument in its campaign to bring down South Vietnam—literally a gun pointed at the heart of South Vietnam.

4. Because of the foregoing, Hanoi was never forced to acknowledge its participation publicly or to defend its actions, a situation to which the world soon grew accustomed and thereafter berated Hanoi infinitely less for what it refused to admit than the U.S. for what it openly proclaimed.

How did this happen? We were imprecise in our perception of the nature of the problem in South Vietnam. To what extent was it an external attack from North Vietnam and to what extent a genuine internal uprising against the government and its internal weaknesses? This was the fundamental question on which our whole role in South Vietnam should have turned. We needed to sort out the external and internal elements, to determine the role played by each—which was primary and which secondary. A conclusion that the war was *primarily indigenous* and only secondarily supported from North Vietnam would have constituted a strong prima facie case against committing any U.S. forces, although economic and military assistance (not U.S. forces) might still have been indicated. If, on the other hand, the war resulted *primarily* from an *external attack*, benefiting only secondarily from certain internal weaknesses, there would have been ground to consider: a) whether appropriate means were available to assist South Vietnam in coping with its own internal weaknesses and, b) if so, whether to introduce armed forces against the external attack but not against indigenous resistance, in other words, "to insulate" South Vietnam against the external attack, buying time to work on the internal problems.

Viewed in this manner, we had two choices, depending on our analysis of the problem—either to keep U.S. forces out of Vietnam or to deploy them against the external threat. Unfortunately, our perceptions were not formulated in such precisely defined terms. Either of these two choices would have been more logical than the one we chose—to split the difference by deploying U.S. forces internally to fight against a simulated insurgency.

How did this confusion occur? Not because of inadequate intelligence information, at least not after 1961. But, during the early 1960s, as Hanoi's role grew and our knowledge of it increased, our perception was distorted into a misapplication of the new doctrine of "counterinsurgency." This doctrine was predicated on the idea that Communist subversion flourished in poorly organized, newly independent, underdeveloped countries afflicted with internal weaknesses, including ineffective internal security. It followed that it would be cheaper and more effective to cope with these internal weaknesses in their incipient stages than to wait until they grew into crises of major proportions. Counterinsurgency offered a way of coping with Communist subversion before it reached the stage of nuclear confrontation, as it did in Cuba in 1962.

Hanoi's infiltrated aggression was treated as the insurgency it pretended to be while its external origins were treated as secondary

The doctrine had much merit and it provided a pattern for applying our resources broadly across social, economic, agricultural, educational, administrative, and internal security needs and problems. It included a heavy component of internal security emphasis on the training, organizing, and equipping of police and gendarmerie forces. This kind of aid seemed to meet the real needs and capabilities of some countries better than more costly military assistance programs based on large armies loaded with sophisticated electronics, missiles, jets, and major naval units.

So far, so good, but at this point the counterinsurgency doctrine was twisted askew to accommodate South Vietnam. Hanoi's ambiguous attack, masking as an indigenous uprising, came to be called an "insurgency," thus blanketing it under the new doctrine which was originally designed to cope with truly "internal" problems. The result was inevitable. Hanoi's infiltrated aggression was treated as the insurgency it pretended to be while its external origins were treated as of secondary, almost incidental importance. Thus did the doctrine of counterinsurgency provide the matrix out of which our policies and strategies in South Vietnam were fabricated.

The doctrine included the concept of "advisors," a concept which was greatly expanded in the early 1960s to include up to 20,000 military advisors in South Vietnam, with many assigned down to the platoon level and operating with Vietnamese forces in the field. Steadily, the external input from North Vietnam mounted and eventually, in response, U.S. forces were committed to protect the security of the bases at Danang and Bien Hoa, then to the Central Highlands, and progressively in all kinds of combat roles throughout South Vietnam.

It had been known since 1962 that North Vietnam had forces in eastern Laos in defiance of the Geneva Accords of the same year and that the Ho Chi Minh trail was being used to move supplies and men to South Vietnam. Later, we saw the flow of equipment and men through eastern Laos

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into South Vietnam mounting in the middle Sixties to cover 100,000 men per year while much heavy equipment was shipped by sea to Cambodia and moved through the forests to South Vietnam. But U.S. forces were already committed to fighting throughout South Vietnam in accordance with the doctrine of counterinsurgency, not against the external attack. The process fed on itself. As our forces secured one town, their perimeter had to be expanded in self-protection, thus requiring more men and more logistical and air support. Then, as we brought our heavy military might to bear, we grievously frayed the Vietnamese socio-political fabric, thus increasing its dependence on us. Meanwhile, the flow through Laos and Cambodia to the enemy proceeded steadily.

As the impact of external reinforcements increased to a stage which could no longer be tolerated, we deployed our Air Force progressively mile by mile further north in Laos and North Vietnam. Thus, we tried to meet the external threat by increasingly heavy air action without following it up with ground exploitation—to cut the routes in Laos—despite the clear lesson of both Germany and Korea that air power not followed up by ground exploitation cannot be decisive.

How did this happen? Here, we reach another element of ambiguity. Under the Geneva Accords of 1962, Laos was supposed to become a buffer state governed by a neutral tripartite government including Communists, neutralists, and non-Communists, under the auspices of the Accords which internationally guaranteed Laotian neutrality and provided for the withdrawal of all foreign forces.

But the Accords were predicated on a confusion of "neutrality" with "coalition." Neutral buffers exist and in some cases perform a useful function by insulating what might otherwise be contentious borders between Communist and non-Communist areas. Austria is one and Afghanistan another. However, in these cases, neutrality is rooted in a unified government prepared to behave in a unified neutral manner. In Laos, the tripartite coalition did not function as a unified neutral government and could not do so, as North Vietnam never withdrew its forces. Moreover, the history of Communism strongly suggests that while Communists are sometimes prepared to respect genuine neutrality and may be prepared to reach detente on a territorial basis, they will not do it on a political basis which requires an overt ideological merging. For a Communist Party to submerge itself in a full-fledged coalition indefinitely would be incompatible with Communist ideology.

THERE WAS concern that effective military counteraction against the North Vietnamese in Laos would result in the destruction of the Geneva Accords. It was hoped that maintaining the façade of the Accords would make it possible at some later time to use them as the framework for a real peace. But when? It was widely believed that the Laos problem was subordinate to South Vietnam and that once the problem of South Vietnam was settled, the situation in Laos would then be adjusted accordingly. Because our strategy in South Vietnam has been cast in a counterinsurgency pattern and because we were dedicated to the preservation of the façade of the Laotian Accords, our perception was blinded to the fact that Laos, far from being secondary or subordinate to South Vietnam, was indeed the principal instrument being used by Hanoi against the South. In fact, Laos became not a neutral buffer but a highway of aggression.

A different point of view would have been to perceive Hanoi's violation of the Geneva Accords on Laos as a) a measure of the importance of Laos to North Vietnam's attack on South Vietnam, b) a measure of Hanoi's attitude toward solemnly negotiated agreements, and c) a measure of the real value of the Accords themselves.

Implicit in the concept of counterinsurgency was the concept of "measured response," that is, a response no greater than necessary to accomplish a specific limited objective. The important thing is that the objective be specific, measurable, and achievable. As applied in Indochina, however, "measured response" became "gradual escalation" which was intended to increase the pressure incrementally so that at any moment it could be relaxed in response to some possibly favorable sign from the other side. Gradualism was believed also to minimize the danger of provoking a dangerous Great Power reaction.

We tried to meet the external threat by increasingly heavy air action without following it up with ground exploitation

THERE IS something to be said for gradualism if the graduated scale is closely geared to specific, realistic, *achievable* objectives. Unfortunately, gradualism in Vietnam was imprecise, based on such unmeasurable criteria as "tightening the screws" or "getting the message to Hanoi." This is why escalation seemed to proceed unproductively upward. The goal which gradualism pursued was simply an indication of Hanoi's willingness to call it all off, which reflected a far too low perception of Hanoi's tenacity and its ability to withstand today's harsh punishment as the price of tomorrow's reward.

Let it also be said, parenthetically, that the proponents of "de-escalation" were equally imprecise in defining the point at which their specific objective would be reached, perhaps not wanting to look ahead to the logical conclusion any more than the proponents of ungeared escalation did. In a sense, gradualism was like a violin string which could be tightened or loosened by turning the peg but unfortunately the peg lacked a "sticking point" in the form of a specific objective achievable by our own resources without the cooperation of the enemy. Once the peg was finally released without a sticking place at the taut level, it was inevitable that the string would unwind to its flaccid end.

Gradualism, as practiced in Vietnam, was directed at inducing the enemy to agree to give us our objectives. This tested Hanoi's endurance without achieving our ends. Thus, the war was reduced to a contest of political attrition to determine which side was capable of sustaining longer the costs of an inconclusive and seemingly endless war. Militarily, the U.S. was far stronger, but politically the Ameri-

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can people needed an unequivocally clear confrontation with a visible enemy and specific military objectives which could be portrayed on a map of front lines and progress measured. Hanoi, however, less vulnerable to democratic political forces, was able to go on indefinitely as long as it could continue to fight the war in its own way—that is, behind a screen of ambiguity which left the route through Laos open and allowed North Vietnam to fight at its own level while steeling itself against the harsh but inconclusive blows from the air.

IT WAS NOT enough to say we wanted "Hanoi to stop doing what it is doing" or that we wanted negotiations or that we wanted full implementation of previous treaties. Of course, we wanted all these things but we were at war precisely because Hanoi was doing the opposite. Having resorted to arms, a logical military goal would have been to use force to achieve what we wanted on the ground—the insulation of South Vietnam against external attack—and then to wait until the enemy became ready to negotiate as he would be more likely to do if already deprived by the military insulation of South Vietnam of his ability to carry on the only kind of war he was capable of fighting.

Having resorted to arms, a logical military goal would have been to use force to achieve what we wanted on the ground

It may be argued that there was no way to convert the Vietnam War into an open military confrontation and fight it to a military standstill along a ceasefire line as happened in Korea. I would disagree, but the point is arguable since the effort to do so was not made. The point is that American military success depended on doing so—on tearing away the screen of ambiguity and forcing the war into a pattern which favored *our* military and political strengths, not Hanoi's. If this were deemed to be impossible because of the intrinsic nature of the war (or alternatively, because of fear of direct Chinese intervention), then we never should have entered it. The tragedy is that our flawed perception led us in two contrary directions—on the one hand to commit forces bravely to oppose what we saw as a thinly masked aggression and on the other hand to allow our strategy to be shaped by Hanoi's ambiguity—the ambiguity of simulated insurgency, the ambiguity of supply and reinforcement under the jungle canopy of Laos, the ambiguity induced by the lack of a line drawn on a map, the ambiguity that allows the enemy to fight while denying that he is fighting.

In the early 1960s the new wisdom of counterinsurgency was to meet the enemy on his own ground at his own level of combat rather than to risk a Great Power confrontation. Unfortunately, in South Vietnam we responded mainly to Hanoi's simulated insurgency rather than to its real but concealed aggression, as a bull charges the toreador's cape, not the toreador. Thus, in 1975 we look back on an indecisive war in which the sides and objectives were imprecisely defined and which deprived us of the full advantage of our own strengths. Historically, the American people fight decisive wars and are not likely to fight another inconclusive one.

THERE MAY BE room for difference on how important Indochina is—the future will answer that question. There is room for difference on whether we should have been involved or not. But, having become involved, there is little room to doubt that the means we chose failed to achieve the desired result.

We were not evil. Our motive was honorable—to help a friendly country defend itself against attack. But there was a fatal hiatus between the end and the means.

This is only a part of the story but it is an important part. □

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What Will Poor Robin Do Then?

Days and Works

GERHART NIEMEYER

Remember the nursery rhyme? It refers to winter:

The north wind doth blow,
And we shall have snow,
And what will poor Robin do then?
Poor thing!

He'll sit in the barn,
And keep himself warm,
And hide his head under his wing.
Poor thing!

THIS COLUMN, however, refers to political office, the office of ruling which is likely to come to conservatives or, let us say at least, non-socialists, after socialists have taken their country to the rim of the abyss. In Germany, if elected, what can one expect from the CDU? In England, what will Margaret Thatcher do? What would they do in Portugal if by a political miracle they were given another chance? Conservatives in their nature have no characteristic line of proposed doing, or rather, series of doings. Almost by definition conservatives are people who excel at just being, and who act, insofar as public action is required, from a sure sense of the being of things around them and within them.

No question: the socialists, of whatever variety, are in possession of the marketplace. They can talk endlessly, effortlessly, with apparent logic or at least, cohesiveness. On one occasion, at one of the early Party congresses in Europe, Lenin talked for 11 hours without pausing. Even now, the interminable harangues of their leaders are a fitting punishment for the delegates of the Supreme Soviet at their otherwise silent meetings. The bookstores, particularly university bookstores, overflow with Marxist paperbacks and other tracts.

Socialist ideology is a chain of clichés. Its basic orientation is toward the defective, the absurd, the sin in life, which makes it easy to draw forth an endless string of indictments and condemnations, with a resulting wonderful sense of self-justification. They all hang together, with that semblance of logic, because they pertain not to the real world but to a world made up entirely within the analytic mind. Socialists have an answer to every question, even the question which they will not allow because it would endanger their entire system. In that case the question as such is excluded as "non-dialectical." Their minds, wholly closed upon themselves, can spew forth cliché after cliché without ever feeling disturbed by obstreperous realities not of their own making. Students and young faculty members all over the world, anxious for certainties, are easily swamped, journalists welcome the ready-made framework for their reporting, and election orators find demagoguery made easy.

The socialists' capacity to outtalk everyone else leads voters to the conclusion that they also could outdo everyone else. In a sense, that is true. Look at the astonishing programs of government regulations, all designed to enforce some kind of perfect civic virtue, imposed on business, education, medicine, and daily living. There is more where they came from. Look at the successive waves of nationalization, followed by plans and then new plans to remake the centralized society. There is no end to the variations on that theme. Look at the Supreme Court decisions drawing meaning after new meaning of abstract principles, apparently from the Constitution.

Past generations, also bothered by such self-made political saviors, knew that all this has nothing in common with the business of living. Our trouble today is that even sane people have allowed themselves to be impressed by the Maos, Castros, Allendes, Cunhals, and Benns. Hence the phenomenon of the left wing of conservative parties, the temptation to enter into coalitions with socialists, to play at detente, to angle for the "political solution." These are symptoms of ideological corruption among parties that have no other title to power than that they consist of men and women with commonsense mental and spiritual health. Not so long ago such leaders held the reins in various European countries. Adenauer in Germany, de Gasperi in Italy, Robert Schuman in France did not rise because they could unfold a Leporello-list of planned doings. They were men well-anchored in truths of being, and it stands to reason that what they rehearsed in their minds were not theories of surplus-value or the dialectic of class struggle, but the Creed, the *Te Deum,* and the XIX Psalm. They had a live sense of history, of the way things grow, and the crotchety uniqueness of whatever has so grown. They were sure in the accumulated wisdom of generations, in time-tested habits, the liturgy of manners, and, because of this, could and did trust their emotions from which most political decisions flow.

NO SUCH leaders are in sight today; the modes of rooting oneself in the realities of being have been forgotten. What we do see is aspirants to high office, either armed with ideology or, alternatively, with one-upmanship techniques in the competitive-power game. Both types, but particularly the latter, feel at a loss once in office. We have seen even Harold Wilson shrinking from straight ideological programs that would ruin his country. What is left, then, is trickery, deemed all the more sufficient when the ideological rhetoric is retained for Sunday use. Conservatives, poor things, not having invented an ideology, feel constrained to borrow from the Left and even to dabble in programs which to a socialist are an inner compulsion.

So the question is whether human beings of quality still live among us and are electable: a matter of the spiritual, moral, and emotional climate in the nourishing of which governments play but a modest part. Schools, churches, press, art, and literature bear the brunt of this responsibility. Moral and cultural permissiveness has bred a moral and cultural rabble perhaps not free of all sensitivity but dulled toward nobility in public life. Many will vote for their "impossible dream" and holler for programs fitting only a dream world. The daylight of reality, though, will break in on this dimly lit fancyland, and I fear it will come in the shape of a Fortinbras armed to the teeth. □

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What Independent Colleges Ought Not to Attempt

From the Academy

RUSSELL KIRK

RECENTLY YOUR SERVANT devoted this page to some suggestions concerning what independent liberal arts colleges might do nowadays, in the hope of survival. Now I offer recommendations as to what such colleges ought to abstain from.

First, the independent college ought to stop building more "plant." We are confronted by the insane phenomenon of erection of costly big buildings at the very time when enrollments are diminishing. I know that various benefactors who will not contribute generously to general funds nevertheless are willing to give money for bricks and mortar, perhaps because they rejoice in the glory of seeing "Erasmus T. Chetnik Jr. Hall of Applied Business Management" over a doorway.

But I would say unto Mr. Erasmus T. Chetnik Jr., "Take back your fatal present!" New buildings seldom are endowed in perpetuity, and the costs of janitorial services and of repair are dismaying today. Patch up and improve your old buildings, President Boomer: many of them are handsome. And eschew those federal loans and grants for classroom buildings and dormitories, for on many a hard-pressed campus Uncle Sam's benefactions of only yesterday are so many white elephants already.

Second, the independent college ought to drop out of competition in quasi-professional athletics. In this field, they stand at a hopeless disadvantage beside Behemoth State U. The rah-rah spirit of the Twenties or the Thirties may please some of the alumni, and more of what I call the "ersatz alumni"—the locals who never actually attended the college and never will contribute a plugged nickel to its endowments—but it leads to Avernus. Let the athletic program be intramural, or at least inexpensive and incidental.

Third, the independent college ought not to convert itself into a vocational-training institute. A considerable proportion of the little colleges have tried just that, during the past few years: they will be disappointed in the long run, and perhaps extinguished.

The most prevalent form of this infatuation is to build a school of business administration. Though some of my better friends are professors of business administration, and though many well-meaning parents think that such a "major" will unite the dubious prestige of a bachelor's degree with a country club income, probably it would be a happier idea to found a School of Necromancy—which is more "relevant" in 1975 and may offer superior financial rewards in the dawning age.

I declare it a very odd concept that in a time when junior executives by the thousands stand in the unemployment-compensation queues, we ought to turn out more of the breed by forced draft, at the expense of liberal learning. A business administration degree means virtually nothing to potential employers today. If a college has helped young people to think logically, to write lucidly, and to acquire an ordered and integrated body of knowledge—why, they will not be left idle. But the average business school graduate is a dullard, and the more promising employers know that.

TO ACQUIRE the genuine skills of business management, it is necessary to enter upon apprenticeship or internship: business practices vary too much from year to year, and concern to concern, for the imparting of competence in the abstract. On the other hand, if what a quondam liberal arts college offers is a curriculum of typewriting, shorthand, simple accounting, and all that—why, the private proprietary commercial schools with their premises in downtown lofts do a better and quicker job of training. Besides, Behemoth State U. already offers, on a vast scale, at lower cost and with fancier equipment, the "business administration" in which the independent college has no especial competence.

What independent colleges ought to teach is political economy—not the practical management of industry and commerce. What young person in his right senses would look to preferment in this realm by studying at St. Gelasius College (enrollment 727) in Fiddletown, Oklahoma (population 1,221)?

Fourth, the independent college ought to abstain from accepting students whose achievements are so low that they cannot be accepted, even in these dog days, by Behemoth State U. Survival is not worth the price of intellectual degradation. And such strategy will fail, before many years elapse: what tolerable students remain will transfer to Behemoth in disgust, the epithet "Pinhead College" will reach the ears of affluent old ladies and foundations, and stupid alumni will be impecunious alumni.

Fifth, the independent college should not sink into the ethos of permissiveness. The better students, let alone their parents, are not enraptured of coed dorms, open classrooms, vandalism, perennial pseudo-political demonstrations, and all that. For the student who desires to learn something or other, or simply to rap for four years, a campus with a tolerable degree of order is a blessed sanctuary. When a college remains on a human scale, the maintenance or recovery of order is no immense problem: a salutary expulsion or two will resolve it.

Sixth, the independent college should not promise to be all things to all men —or to all women. It ought to cherish its established character. A women's college should not open its doors to men; they won't come anyway. A men's college should stay masculine. A Catholic college should not pretend that it is ecumenical or secular. A wide diversity of types of colleges is highly desirable; and nobody likes a mongrel. Let a college be itself, rather than a shadow of Behemoth U. with inferior facilities and superior fees.

YOU OBJECT that a college which conforms to the preceding injunctions may not grow? True; but the "growthmanship" era in the American academy is passing away. Growth in quality, not in quantity, is our urgent need now. It is better to school four hundred students well than to school forty thousand students badly—better for the person, better for the republic. Behemoth State University is beyond reformation, but conceivably the small independent college may enter upon a renaissance. □

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Arts & Manners

The GIMLET EYE

D. KEITH MANO

The Bayside Apparitions

For more than five years now, two or three times a month, the Virgin Mary has been visiting Mrs. Veronica Lueken. That's pretty good: I don't even have friends who visit me that often. The Holy Mother has been booked in advance for feast day eves, 9 P.M. sharp to midnight. She appears, at treetop level, over 56th Avenue in Bayside, Queens, with Jesus, St. Michael, Bernadette, all the really big names. Mary and Jesus over Bayside: it makes you think. Everybody's getting out of the inner city these days.

It's Ascension eve and a lovely night. Dusk blue-blackens around Venus. Police sawhorses form a cattle pen around one mall in the middle of 56th Avenue. "Mall" seems rather euphemistic: this is a traffic island with high opinions of itself, maybe five trees and three forsythia bushes, the place where suburban poodles leave cryptic love notes to each other. About four hundred locals have gathered with their placards and their paramilitary walkie-talkies. "BAYSIDERS WORK 6 DAYS, ON THE 7th THERE IS LUEKEN." "VERONICA USED TO HAVE HER VISIONS IN CREEDMORE INSANE ASYLUM." (Later the USED TO is x'ed out and SHOULD replaces it: are there libel laws that cover poster writing?)

THE middle-middle-class people of Bayside, more than half Catholic, are ornery as all get out. During recent weeks there have been violent moments. Veronica will draw eight hundred vigilers on important holy days, a good proportion busloaded down from Canada, ten hours round trip. They interdict quiet streets, crush crab grass, ring doorbells at midnight to take—borrow?—a leak. If the Lord has His Second Coming in mind, He'd better lease the Jersey swamplands. By comparison Golgotha is going to look like a volunteer firemen's barbecue.

The church of St. Robert Bellarmine—now half school, half gym—stands two blocks up. There used to be a statue on the corner: large copy of those Virgins in telephone booths that wait outside Catholic houses. Veronica had her first visions here. But, as crowds grew, an unsympathetic Mother Church had the statue sledgehammered away. So much for mariolatry. You can still see the pedestal stump, cordoned off by wooden snow fencing.

I sound cynical. I'm not particularly: I've always wanted visions. The Lord works in my life, but with bureaucratic efficiency. I couldn't get up a burning bush with Sterno and ten pounds of kindling. Yet an eerie thing has occurred. Only my wife and Andy, my militant Bayside cousin, know I'm coming to 56th Avenue. Nonetheless, three days before May 7, an *NR* reader calls me. " I was saying my rosary and your name appeared in my head. I don't know why. Are you going to Bayside?" He's an intelligent man; we talk for ninety minutes. One Sunday afternoon, he says, Veronica told a small group of followers to stare up into the sun. "My eyes teared a little. Then I saw a blue disk rotating in front of the sun. About two or three times per second. It lasted for 15 minutes. We all saw it. I don't expect you to believe me, but go to Bayside with an open mind, something's happening there."

Not on this Ascension eve: Veronica doesn't show. Perhaps the martial law ambience is a non-conductor; perhaps the Virgin feels uncomfortable two traffic islands down from her chosen turf. Veronica is fiftyish, poor, mother of five, a local resident, and a devout Catholic. She looks, well—one dumpy woman asks the man next to me what Mrs. Lueken looks like. "Ah. She's short and dark and fat. Ah, she looks a little like you." At nine o'clock three hundred vigilers are convoyed into their cattle pen. Superb police work protects them. The men wear white berets, rather like unleavened chef's hats. They appear docile; certainly they're impassive before vicious, threatening catcalls. It's a Breughel group picture: ancient women, priests and nuns, the blind, patient children of six or seven. There are Quebec accents all around. For two hours they pray in front of a portable plaster Virgin, its face weird with jerking flashlights. Now and then they take Polaroid shots skyward. The images are blurred by press photographer explosions. These they read as phrenologists read your head, but it's sorry evidence. Bayside Catholics heckle the Lord's Prayer with "Old Macdonald." A quack-quack here, a quack-quack there. One adjacent suburbanite starts his lawn mower at 10 P.M. That quintessential sound of our century rebukes another age, ". . . full of grace, blessed is the fruit of Thy womb, rrrroaahhhrr."

I'VE READ four months' worth of Veronican revelations as collected in the "Catholic and Patriotic" *Michael*, a Canadian newspaper that calls for "social credit economy through the vigilant action of heads of families." The Holy Ghost, I've always thought, was/is a master of prose. Believe me, Veronica's style does not threaten St. John on Patmos. Her own words (in light print) tend to go like this: "Oh my! Oh! Our Lady has Her hands out now . . . they feel like they could lift you right off your seat! Our Lady thinks that is quite funny, but oh, my goodness!" Our Lady (in dark print) is more restrained. What She says sounds sensible and pretty depressing. "Unless you pray more for the conversion of Russia, a great war will soon be upon your earth. Socializing, my child, will avail nothing to mankind for the man who is not of God." True enough. And most

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conservative, Catholic Baysiders would probably go along with it. If the message weren't ruining their lawns.

What can I tell you? The Lord isn't above using simple folk who say "Oh, my goodness!" Traffic islands aren't unknown to Him either. Skepticism is easy: in this age few doctors, let alone Virgins, make house calls any more. In 1975 when you say, "he does it religiously," you mean he does it on Easter and Christmas or, at best, once a week. Surely something's afoot in Bayside. It could be a coming. More likely it's just a yearning. □

The CAMPUS SCENE

CHILTON WILLIAMSON JR.

Up to Liberalism

Fourteen months ago, a friend sent me a clipping from *The Columbia Daily Spectator*—the propaganda apparatus, as I remembered it, of my alma mater. Beneath the display type ("New Editors of Spectator: Return to the 'Fifties") was a photograph of nine young men looking not unlike a Little League Supreme Court and wearing odd bits of silk stuff about their gullets. "For the first time in at least ten years, a majority of the new editors have classified themselves as either 'conservative' or 'non-ideological.' . . ."

For one brief but appalling moment I experienced the entirely unaccustomed suspicion that I had been born ahead of my time. During my early years at Columbia, the jitney proletarians who operated *Spectator* were clearly approaching violent intellectual breakdown; when in 1968 the cops tossed seven hundred larval Allendes down the steps of Low Library, the editors succumbed as one man to the howling crazies, which caused them to babble wildly of doing "something creative with the University—our University—that we may never have a chance to do again," and, in the fall, to endorse Dick Gregory for President of the United States. As almost the whole of Columbia was more or less berserk in those days, the contagion was passed down from one generation of editors to the next, so that when I decided to leave off being a poor student to become a rich publisher, the paper was in delirium tremens still, with no recovery in sight.

Well, that recovery has come about, but it is a pretty recent phenomenon. The editorial regime which preceded the agents of reaction was Right On: it consistently adopted, in the phrase of its supplanters, a "repetitiously adversary position" on all matters on which campus and national leaders held stated opinions. From February 1973 to February 1974, *Spectator* accused University administrators of duplicitous labor bargaining: a panel of Deans of sabotaging "like a military junta in a shaky democracy" a tuition plan; and President Dr. William McGill of "displaying a singular insensitivity to the price the University may have to pay" for his membership on the Boards of Directors of Texaco and McGraw-Hill. Thus was *Spectator* employing, 14 months ago, the classic phrases of campus radicalism to describe the University as a machine by which corporate conspirators oppress university "workers," "the community," and the student-proles.

But something was radically amiss on campus which *Spectator's* old Guard was powerless to check. In the last issue for which they had responsibility, they gave tongue to their sorrows in an editorial, lamenting "the loss of the mood of four or five years ago, that sense that a great university could be reshaped and driven forward by the united efforts of individuals. . . ." The present "goalless malaise," they warned, made it impossible for "a vibrant campus feeling" to prevail over "the hyper-competitive rat race for professional school admissions."

By this time, alas, the prevailing "vibrant campus spirit" had gone its whimsical way—"Pandemonium Breaks Out After Beer-Drinking Contest"—and pretty soon the streakers had established a rat race of their own devising. ("An amusing and probably thoroughly enjoyable stunt," said the new conservative-irresponsibles at the paper. ". . . What other action on our campus in the recent past has served so successfully to unite students, Dr. McGill, and the surrounding community?").

Today yet another editorial board runs the show. Like their liberators, they are sensible—though scarcely what I should call conservative. Last fall *Spectator* went whooping for the gubernatorial ambitions of Hugh Carey (who has a "realistic view that, in an era of dwindling resources, government must take a more active role in controlling the economy of the state") and the senatorial aspirations of Ramsey Clark; it observed of Jerry Ford that he "has probably spent the better part of the last decade with his head buried somewhere in the ground. . . ." The present board, which came to office last February, would likely concur with those opinions.

Yet *Spectator* has returned itself to the ranks of the respectably deluded: the world that it aspires to describe and dissect is a recognizable one that can be demonstrated to exist both within and without the University confines. An example: for years, students and faculty labored under the peculiar delusion that their interests were somehow one with those of what used to be called a neighborhood's "worst elements" and is presently called "the community." For years the prelapsarian *Spectator* raked the Administration with demands that it contribute heavily to "the community": when St. Luke's Hospital wished in 1973 to establish a rehabilitation center on Morningside Heights, the paper denounced McGill for declaring, "You can't bring a major social problem into the area without my opposition." Today the editors of *Spectator* have recently helped to force the Metropolitan Transit Authority to post signs in the subways making clear to visitors to Columbia which trains go to Upper Broadway and which to Harlem's Lenox Avenue, whose denizens can be rough on Ivy League savants.

Well: when you recover your vision after a long ocular illness, perhaps the first things you see clearly are those nearest you. But don't expect *Spectator* to back Senator Buckley in 1976, or to call for the liquidation of the University Senate, that student council for professors. Merely to be reasonable up on the Heights calls for some degree of heroism: to ask people to think rightly is to ask too much. □

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DELECTATIONS

NIKA HAZELTON

Nice Picnics

The season for picnics is here—and I mean *nice* picnics, real food and drink, not the hard-boiled egg and peanut butter sandwich affairs, though it is wise to take this kind of fodder along for the children, just in case. Also, I'm no expert on outdoor cookery; if I have to cook, I prefer to do it where it is easiest, in the kitchen. I admit that open-air meats are lovely, and so are clambakes and barbecues; but somebody else has to do the work. And let there be sufficient drink to pass the time until the food is ready—which always takes longer than any but the most experienced outdoor cooks think.

THE FOOD that follows is to be eaten in a civilized manner. Off a tablecloth (no plastic), on the sand or grass or rock, from plates which can be plastic provided they don't look plastic (the same for the glasses), but take the silver or the stainless steel along—any other eating utensils are despicable. Use insulated bags and coolers, pack foods separately in plastic bags, and don't forget these: salt, pepper, paper napkins, bottle opener, can opener, cigarettes and matches, paper toweling, garbage bags, kitchen knife, insect repellent, and Wash'N' Dry or similar cloths. And check your picnic site for swampiness, incoming tides, poison ivy, ant heaps, pebbles, and trespassing notices.

When you are doing the picnic food, cook ahead for the evening when you'll come back. Everybody will be hungry and no one will feel like cooking. Soup, salad, and cheese are good for the purpose. For drinks, take white wine or beer, lemonade for the children, and water. Keep them cold in insulated containers filled with ice. Don't forget the coffee, black and hot in a thermos, with sugar on the side, and some cookies and fruits that don't crush—grapes won't do, but pears and nectarines will. Last—aspirin, suntan lotion, Band-Aids.

To take on picnic:

MY MOTHER'S WAY WITH ROAST LAMB

(8-10 servings)

This is a well-flavored, well-done leg of lamb which will appeal to those who hate underdone lamb in the French manner.

- 1 7-8 pound leg of lamb
- salt, freshly ground pepper
- 10 garlic cloves, minced, or garlic to taste
- 2 cups chopped parsley (head only) freshly washed and still damp
- ⅓ tablespoon fresh rosemary or dried rosemary, crumbled, or to taste
- 1 tablespoon grated lemon rind
- olive oil
- dry white wine

Cut every bit of fat, gristle, and fell from the meat, which must be perfectly naked; this is essential to the flavor of the dish. Rub the meat with salt and pepper. Mince together the garlic, the parsley, the rosemary, and the lemon rind to make almost a paste—the wet parsley will make it stick together. With the point of a sharp knife, make small pockets in the whole surface of the meat. Stuff each pocket with a little of the vegetable mixture. Massage the meat thoroughly with olive oil. To enhance the flavor, the meat can be refrigerated overnight, or it can be cooked immediately. Put the meat into a baking pan. Roast in a preheated hot oven (425°) for twenty minutes. Lower the heat to 325°. Add about an inch of dry white wine to the pan. Bake for about three hours or until the lamb is tender; this depends on its age. Baste frequently with the pan juices. When they run low, add more wine, to keep the one-inch level. Do not add any wine for the last thirty minutes because the roast should be dry. Serve warm or cooled, but not chilled.

RICE SALAD

(8 servings)

Carry it to the picnic in an insulated container, and take some tomatoes and radishes along to eat out of hand.

- ⅔ cup olive oil
- 6 tablespoons white vinegar
- salt, freshly ground pepper
- 1 teaspoon minced fresh tarragon or to taste
- ½ cup minced green pepper or pimiento
- ½ cup minced onion or shallots
- 1 cup cooked green peas
- 2 cups rice, preferably Uncle Ben's
- sliced black olives

Combine all the ingredients except the rice and the olives in a bowl; mix well. Cook the rice until it is barely tender and drain. Turn into a bowl. While the rice is still hot, and this is important because it assures the flavor, pour the dressing over it and mix well. Chill. At serving time or before packing the rice for the picnic, drain off any surplus dressing. Add the olives and toss. Check the seasonings.

PASTA RUSTICA FOR THE EVENING

(6-8 servings)

Make the soup early in the morning or the night before. Since the soup will be reheated, barely cook the vegetables or they will be mushy. Don't add the beans or cook the macaroni until the soup will be reheated, or they too will be mushy. The cheese can be grated while the soup heats.

- 1 cup parsley, heads only
- 2 large garlic cloves, peeled
- 1 large onion
- ¾ cup olive oil
- 1 large leek, white and green part chopped (if available) *or* 2 bunches spring onions, white and green parts chopped
- 2 medium carrots, chopped
- 2 to 3 tablespoons fresh basil, chopped *or* 1 tablespoon dried basil
- 3 large tomatoes, peeled, seeded, and chopped
- 2 cups fat-free beef or chicken consommé
- 3 cups shredded cabbage
- 2 to 3 zucchini, chopped
- salt, freshly ground pepper
- 2 to 3 cups cooked white or kidney beans
- 1 pound elbow macaroni, cooked al dente
- ½ cup freshly grated parmesan cheese

On a chopping board, mince together the parsley, the garlic, and the onion. Heat the olive oil in a large kettle. Add the parsley mixture, the leek or spring onions, the carrots, and the basil. Cook over medium heat, stirring constantly, for about 5-7 minutes. Do not let the vegetables brown. Add the tomatoes, the consommé, the cabbage, and the zucchini and season with salt and pepper. Cook covered over low heat until the vegetables are almost tender. Add the beans and cook for five minutes longer. Meantime, cook the macaroni just barely al dente, drain, and add to the soup. Heat through and sprinkle with parmesan before serving. □

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BOOKS

For Civilized Intolerance

A Theory of Conflict
By Brian Crozier
Scribner, 245 pp., $12.50

WILLIAM MURCHISON

It is not a little disquieting, this latest book of Brian Crozier's. Not so much for what Crozier, the Australian-born expert on revolutionary war, has to say, as for the fact that he must say it at all. For Crozier's message is that Western civilization, sore oppressed by its foes, had better stand up and fight. An elementary proposition? He who says so confesses ignorance of the malaise of the Western spirit, as Crozier persuasively outlines it.

Pluralism is under attack—by Moscow and Peking, by Arab terrorists, by Trotskyists, by Maoists; and the pluralists, many of them, do not even know it; or, if they know it, they are too lethargic, too morally flabby to counterattack effectively. Such is Crozier's thesis; and such is his scorn for the flabby—the envious egalitarian, the perpetually conscience-stricken civil libertarian, the apologist for pornography—that at times, his book is bracing as a spring tonic.

Crozier, who, as well as being de Gaulle's biographer, is a founder of London's Institute for the Study of Conflict, early on posits Marxism as the danger which so many nowadays say it is not. Yes, of course there are numerous causes for conflict and revolution, but Marxists are revolution-minded in the nth degree. Nor has detente softened the revolutionary resolve of the Russians and Communist Chinese. "Their strength lies in their continued will to work toward the revolutionary situation, seizing whatever crumbs of opportunity come their way, disregarding all setbacks."

THE STATE, whose mission is to defend its citizens (Crozier, I think, spends too much time establishing the point), must act at the first intimation of revolution. Counterintelligence is of the essence, even unto bugging and the employment of informants. Given the current vogue for lambasting the CIA, Crozier is especially to the point when he argues that "the traditional dividing line" between foreign and domestic subversion is at best a thin one; one that, if observed punctiliously, will hamper the defenders infinitely more than the subverters.

Not that Crozier wishes, necessarily, to fight fire with fire—to battle the antidemocratic with undemocratic weapons. Until subversion becomes violent, government should battle it in the field of ideas; propounding alternative viewpoints, giving the lie to revolutionary rhetoric. But let violence break out, and there must be firmer measures—martial law and gloves-off interrogation of terrorists, should worst come to worst. With revolutionaries there can ultimately be no compromise. "In the final analysis, what is at stake is the survival of civilization."

Crozier is stimulating for his unblinking realism; for his "cynicism," detractors may say. He is for pluralism; no mistaking that. But as between the devils of authoritarianism and totalitarianism, he will opt for authoritarianism if it takes that to preserve us from the "ultimate political horror" of totalitarianism, with its grasping reach into every corner of the private life. The authoritarian will let men and women go their nonpolitical ways, which is more than anyone can say of the Marxist. Too, authoritarianism can be thrown off. Who has, to date, thrown off Marxist totalitarianism?

Accordingly, Crozier is sympathetic toward those new bogeymen, the members of the Chilean junta. They are not democrats, but they saved their country from a fate worse than authoritarianism: the extinction of all freedom in Chile.

There is another kind of counter-revolutionary fight which Crozier thinks the West must wage—a fight against "the preconditions of conflict"; against moral malaise, that is to say. Drugs, crime, pornography, public corruption sap the community's moral strength. Worse is that they are tolerated abjectly, even by those who may not like them.

So it is a kind of civilized intolerance for which Crozier argues; a putting on of the whole armor of morality. We must drive pornography out of sight; business must fight back against its doctrinaire critics, even while desisting from offering perfectly useless products; political party squabbles must be abolished through the abolition of parties, or else politicians must come to their senses.

And that is what makes this compact, well-written, and skillfully argued little book disquieting. One is not, after all, exuberant over Western society's present appetite for combat, moral or otherwise. But how invigorating, for a change, to have spades called by their right name. See here, says Crozier, with the tone of a man who would like to shake us—howsoever politely—until our teeth rattled; we are under attack, we are at war. And we need not—but we might—lose all. □

William Murchison *is on the staff of the* Dallas Morning News. . . . **J. Bernard Burnham** *is the senior economist for the Mellon Bank in Pittsburgh.* . . . **Ruth Berenson,** NR*'s art critic, is the author of a book on George Grosz.* . . . **Ronald De Feo** *is a frequent contributor to this section.* . . . **David Brudnoy** *has written on film for 17 years.*

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The Moneychangers
By Arthur Hailey
Doubleday, 436 pp., $10
The Bankers
By Martin Mayer
Weybright, 566 pp., $15

WHERE THE MONEY IS

J. BERNARD BURNHAM

Banking is in the news. Perhaps not the sort of news that bankers enjoy—Franklin, Security National, and U.S. National, all billion dollar institutions, have bitten the dust in the past two years—but clearly a subject suitable for the front page. After all, even in an age of double-digit inflation the fall of a *billion* dollar institution does make some waves, particularly if there are rumors of shenanigans and swarthy foreigners involved.

And if the waves are high enough and the prospects of a continuing breeze favorable, it should come as no surprise that enterprising authors, and their publishers, sense a profitable voyage. So, onto the scene came Martin Mayer with a 566-page journalistic encyclopedia, *The Bankers*, and Arthur Hailey with yet another boilerplate business novel, *The Moneychangers*.

ONE OF THE soundest pieces of advice I ever received as an inquiring college student, eager to learn about distant lands, was from a professor of Hispanic literature. "Forget about the histories, geography books, and learned monographs," he said. "Try a few novels." And even though *The Moneychangers* is a bad novel, with characters who have all the dimensions of paper dolls, the advice remains valid. No matter that Mayer understands what "federal funds" are, and that Hailey appears to be just as muddled as most bankers; no matter that Mayer can skillfully orchestrate detail, humor, skepticism, and personality into a smooth narrative of Morgan Bank's "money position," while Hailey's descriptive efforts stand awkwardly apart from his story. Only the novelist, even a boilerplate artist like Hailey, can establish the essential truth that bankers are no more a special breed of person than school teachers, bus drivers, clerks, and the steno pool.

Martin Mayer appears to have succumbed to the mystique of banking, to the belief that there really is something special about those who practice the trade. But aside from technicians who man the computers, clear the checks, and keep the books, most successful bankers are simply good salesmen, skilled at soliciting deposits and lending them out. Or, in the case of trust officers, agreeable fellows who take other people's money and invest it with, to put it charitably, no better results than anyone else.

What truly distinguishes banking from the rest of economic activity is that the industry's stock-in-trade, money, is subject to instantaneous disappearance. A barber has his hands, a manufacturer his plant, equipment, and physical inventory, and a teacher his accumulated store of knowledge. But the raw material of banking—practically the only resource required—is deposits, and these the fickle public can

snatch away overnight. This is a truth which Mayer touches on only briefly and theoretically, while Hailey makes it a focal point for his book: a media-magnified "run" on the Tylersville branch of the First Mercantile American. The run is halted—and reversed—by hero Alex Vandervoort when he reassures an elderly, panicked depositor that his money is "absolutely safe" in the bank, despite the executive vice president's own inner doubts (the bank has just been taken for $30 million by a Vesco-like conglomerateur).

Banking is essentially a confidence game, full of self-fulfilling prophecies. If enough people think a bank is "sound" it will be; if a sufficient number believe the bank will fail and consequently withdraw their deposits, it will fail. (Incidentally, today bankers themselves are probably the quickest to pull the plug on another institution if there is the slightest hint of difficulties.) While *The Moneychangers* drastically oversimplifies, distorts, and is full of highly misleading scenes of how a large bank actually operates, it probably comes closer to the essence of banking than Martin Mayer and his 566 pages. And the fact that Hailey adds a touch of sex and a little mayhem to his plot should help considerably in getting the reader through the book.

IN ORDER to justify the length and price tag ($15) on his work, Mayer has to blow on that age-old journalistic horn: a "revolution" has taken place in banking. But we are never told over what period the total, radical changes implied in the word "revolution" are supposed to have taken place nor what the principal elements of change are. True, bankers probably venture further afield, both geographically and in new forms of lending and borrowing, than they used to, thanks in large part to the holding company form of organization; but practically any other industry or profession can make equivalent claims. If there has, in fact, been any true revolution in banking in the past 25 years, it is that the general public—and investors—now feel that banks and bankers are no different from any other form of business. And this new attitude toward the industry has made bankers think more than they used to about price/earnings ratios and their numerous non-bank competitors, such as the savings and loan industry and the finance companies.

Despite their differences in form and interest, *The Bankers* and *The Moneychangers* do share one important flaw: a preachy tendency on the part of the author. Specifically, assorted sermons on the virtues of putting bank credit to more "productive" uses than, say, financing Kentucky Fried Chicken stands and "fly now, pay later" vacations. Both writers suggest that Big Brother is going to force the bankers to devote more resources to low income housing and similar "needy" sectors. But they are understandably vague as to what bank examiners and stockholders are going to say if high-risk, low-yield lending is

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made mandatory. And of course they can't see that not only does Kentucky Fried Chicken provide lower income families—among others—an attractive and inexpensive way to eat out of the house, but the teenage employees of such establishments help ease the extraordinarily high jobless rate among young people. Finally, neither author can comprehend that if commercial banks don't finance fast food franchisers and eager vacationers, in all likelihood some one else will.

Despite the drawbacks, bankers should be able to enjoy both these books—and even, in *The Bankers*, to learn something about their own profession. Both volumes could have taken a Naderesque tack, lashing out at real and imagined wrongs without any conception of how the industry is organized and its pivotal, delicate role when the economy approaches the crucial turning points of the business cycle. And perhaps it is not too surprising that it is the novelist, Hailey, who appears, almost instinctively, to have understood the importance of this latter point a touch better than the competent encyclopedist Mayer. □

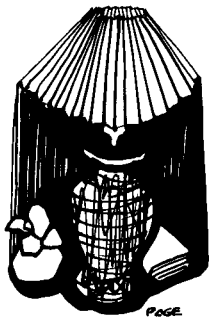
George Grosz
By Hans Hess
Macmillan, 272 pp., $22.50

GROSS MARXIST SIMPLICISM

RUTH BERENSON

The appearance of a full-length biography of the artist George Grosz, lavishly illustrated in color and black and white, should be an occasion for rejoicing, since such a study has long been needed. Unfortunately, however, the present volume does not live up to its promise. It is marred not only by bad, often ungrammatical English, but more importantly, it presents a distorted view of the artist and his times, while its errors of detail are too numerous to list.

Hans Hess, described on the dustjacket as lecturer in art history at the University of Sussex and author of "articles on the art and politics of the Weimar Republic and Marxist art theory," has had access to hitherto unpublished material in the Grosz archives at Princeton and at the Academy of Art in West Berlin. However, his pronounced leftwing bias, evident from the first page, leads one to suspect he has omitted as many sources as he has included. He views Grosz, with Marxist simplicism, as an incipient schizophrenic, half great artist and half provincial Prussian petit-bourgeois afflicted with "mildly megalomaniac ambition" to become rich and famous in the manner of Thomas Mann's Felix Krull. Grosz was true to his "real" self, in Mr. Hess's view, only during his Berlin years when he was a member of the Communist Party and producing those bitter castigations of war, militarism, "the ruling classes" which still, for most of us, epitomize the ambience of Berlin in the 1920s. The real reason, Mr. Hess implies, for Grosz's emigration to the United States in 1932 was to make money. The fact that he could have earned far more money here had he remained faithful to his political leftism and gone on drawing and painting the caricatures which had brought him world fame, instead of trying to start all over again as man and artist, cuts no ice with the author. To him, Grosz's 22 years as an American citizen were wasted, a betrayal of his ideals and talent in a vain effort to get rich.



THE FACTS are these: Grosz was 25 and already famous for his antiwar cartoons when he joined the German Communist Party in 1918, after two brief but psychologically crucial stints of army service in World War I. Even as a party member he was actively participating in the Berlin Dada movement, parading the streets with a placard inscribed "Dada Dada uber Alles" and proudly referring to himself as "Propagandada." This is not to imply that Grosz did not take Communism seriously at the time; on the contrary, he remained true to the faith even after a disillusioning trip to the Soviet Union in 1922, and continued to publish his drawings in Communist periodicals; and his ties to the Berlin Communist intellectuals—Bertolt Brecht, Erwin Piscator, Wieland Herzfelde, and others—remained close till he died. But as early as 1925, he apparently wearied of using his art solely for political battles and worried that he was debasing his talent. In that year he began painting realistic portraits; he also exhibited with Otto Dix and the other artists associated with the *Neue Sachlichkeit* (New Factualism) movement. Grosz's relationship with Dix, unfortunately unexplored by Mr. Hess, would repay study; it must have been of major importance to both artists, for some of their pictures of this and later years resemble each other so closely that they might almost have been painted by the same person.

An invitation to teach at the Art Students League provided Grosz with a reason to come to New York in 1932—but looked at in hindsight, there seems to have been a kind of inevitability about the move. Even in his Communist years, America had seemed to him a promised land rather than a capitalist nightmare: "From my first birthday," he said once, "I was homesick for America," and as early as 1917, he had drawn a dream city of soaring skyscrapers and expressways which he titled—in English—*I Remember New York*.

Once here, his one thought was to disengage himself from his past, especially his leftist past, so that he could become, in his words, "an American Man." (The term "middle American" had not yet been invented.) Naturally he was no more immune than other immigrants to the age-old dream of finding the streets of New York paved with gold. He admired artists who, like Norman Rockwell, catered successfully to popular taste; once or twice he tried to do the same and naturally failed. Some illustrations—for a novel by Hermann Kesten, for a book of poetry by Walter Mehring (neither listed by Mr. Hess) and, late in his career, for *Life* magazine, recall his earlier work. But what obsessed him was the search for a new style expressive of his new, complex feelings about himself in his new country. Critics were mostly indifferent to these efforts; he received few commissions; he never got rich.

Grosz was, like most geniuses, complex, full of braggadocio and self-doubt; toward the end of his life his drinking became uncontrollable. He wrote bitter sarcastic letters to old friends like Brecht and Herzfelde, yet he never stopped loving them; he was puzzled and hurt by their inability to understand

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his new political stance. And despite loud proclamations of optimism, more and more he became filled with despair and foreboding. *The Punishment*, a watercolor of 1934, shows the flaming ruins of a bombed city two years before the actual bombing of Guernica; the 1938 *A Piece of My World* seems to prophesy the devastation of Hiroshima. In the late Forties the lurid, hellish worlds of *The Pit* and the ironically titled *Peace II* were replaced by a grey world of death, peopled by ragged stick-figures brandishing a rainbow-hued flag, music sheet, or canvas, all with holes torn out of their centers. "They are the symbols man once believed in," he explained.

Mr. Hess brands these pictures failures, "bound to fail, not because of any artistic weakness on his part, but for historic reasons . . . Grosz's misreading of history brought him to the point where he could 'symbolize' something which did not need symbolism but analysis." Grosz would have roared with laughter at this *Pravda*-like attempt to force his art into the strictures of Marxist dialectic. Whether, as he hoped, history will judge his art by the achievements of his last years or by his youthful savage indictments of Weimar Germany is still a question: Grosz died in 1959, but the final assessment of his place in twentieth century art is still to be made. Unfortunately, this book contributes nothing to it. □

FICTION

A Month of Sundays
By John Updike
Knopf, 228 pp., $6.95

SEX, SERMONS, AND STYLE

RONALD DE FEO

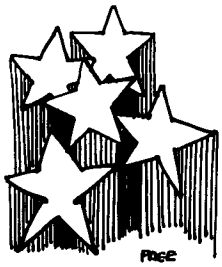
John Updike's new novel is, at least in formal terms, a change of pace for the author. It is his freest, most loosely structured work to date. In fact, this is perhaps its most conspicuous and interesting feature. The narrative of Reverend Tom Marshfield is digressive, disjointed, and repetitious, an extended monologue, an ornate, overwrought confession. The author seems to be making a very conscious effort to loosen up, break free from the restraints of traditional narration. Though a number of Updike's other novels, notably *The Poorhouse Fair* and *The Centaur*, sometimes seemed more like prose poems than novels, they did possess a concreteness of character and detail. Here character is often eclipsed by Marshfield's voice, his overripe language, his frequent sermons. There is a wealth of physical detail, but it tends to give us bits and pieces of a world rather than a full, distinct environment. While it is encouraging to see an established author trying something a little different, taking chances with his work, one wishes that the results were more successful.

MARSHFIELD SHOULD hold the reader's attention. All considered, he is a scandalous enough figure to interest anyone.

Sent for a month to a desert retreat for wayward clerics, Marshfield recalls the sins that caused his temporary exile. For Marshfield sex is an "exterior sign of interior grace . . . the last sanctuary for violence, conquest, and rapture." The good reverend has practiced what he preaches. At his parish he was something of a sexual-spiritual athlete, administering to a host of women, among them Alicia, the organist (the pun, as all the others in the book, is intended), and Frankie Harlow, a true believer. Although Marshfield has a wife and loves her, she fails to excite him sexually. In adultery he has found not only excitement but spiritual fulfillment as well.

Marshfield is such a master at twisting ideas, beliefs, and religious concepts to suit his own needs, that he can argue, convincingly, that adultery is a saving grace. The modern American man and woman, he explains at one point, can only escape from their stifling roles as breadwinner and housewife by engaging in adulterous union. Eventually, Marshfield's peculiar brand of religious devotion is discovered and he, like sinners of the past, is cast into the desert. It should be noted that the desert setting inspires Tom to deliver one of his very best sermons (and most of them, recorded throughout the book, are wonderfully done). After discussing the desert as a Biblical symbol for spiritual wilderness, he uses it to reflect on the ills of contemporary man, speaking of our deserted city streets, "emptied by fear," and the desertlike monotony of suburbia, where homes space themselves "as evenly as creosote bushes."

In this novel Updike's prodigious verbal energy is as much a curse as it is a blessing. There are, to be sure, a number of fine set pieces—one focusing on a game of golf, another describing Frankie being undressed (her tights darkening to "a black puddle from which her feet stepped gleaming"), still another focusing on Marshfield's young sons. And throughout the book there are the usual delicate Updike touches we sometimes take for granted: "The restaurant wall, at least at breakfast, wears heavy vanilla curtains out of whose gaps knives of light fall upon the grapefruit and glass of the set tables with an almost audible splintering of brightness." But for all the elegant, striking prose there seems to be an equal, if not even greater amount of irritatingly classy, bloated language: "Shutting my lids on the crystalline curls of her shame"; "My seed sank into polyester lint and the microscopic desert grits of a hundred transient shoes"; "Fall brings with it in those leafy lake-riddled middle sectors of our rectangular land notions of riddance and beginning anew."



The reader is curious to learn about Tom's world, particularly about his women, whose nipples and "pubic brushes" are vividly described, but whose personalities are left unexplored. But Tom's frequent flights of language and his lengthy sermons prevent us from getting any clear picture of the human beings who share his story. We do get, among other things, lovely details of rooms, streets, bodies, references to the philosophy of Barth and Tillich, and great chunks of rhetoric. These elements, however, distance us from the matter at hand instead of illuminating it and bringing it closer to us. Since the people hold little reality for us, the passion and urgency of Tom's voice seem rather contrived and uncalled for. We don't quite believe it. It is too overwhelming. The author doesn't help matters by filling his narrative with puns, parenthetical asides, and footnotes. We strongly detect here the influence of Nabokov, whom Updike has so often praised in the back pages of

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The New Yorker. It is unfortunate that he has chosen to employ the old master's most annoying devices.

Still, we are often taken by Updike's style and intelligence, and we are almost willing to forgive him his excesses. Parts of *A Month of Sundays* work very well, but the book as a whole does not, jumping as it does from bits of personal history to generalities to minor details. It is a thoroughly professional though diffuse performance by one of our most gifted writers, who has given us and, no doubt, will give us more satisfying and memorable books than this. □

My Life and My Films
By Jean Renoir
Atheneum, 287 pp., $10

FILM AS ART

DAVID BRUDNOY

"I expound and seek to persuade by reason," Jean Renoir tells us. "I'm a born coward. I'm always afraid of putting my foot in it and causing the actor to despise me." By granting his players room to develop their parts, by refusing to dictate a performer's realization of a role, Renoir creates films of tremendous force, and has for decades. He loves his actors, admires them hugely, seeks out their strengths, and coaxes from them performances that have made films like *Grand Illusion* and *The River* such masterpieces.

Jean Renoir began making films in 1924. Now eighty years old, he's unlikely to make another, though the delightful *Little Theatre of Jean Renoir*, his last film, was recently on the boards, winning critical acclaim and awakening yet another generation of filmgoers to his magic. This warm, cozy, wry little autobiography should add still more admirers to the many who worship him, who view his movies again and again, who recognize his major importance in the history of film, as innovator, refiner, master.

Jean Renoir escaped that common fate of many sons of famous fathers: he didn't sink into indolence or give up the struggle to make his own way in the shadow of his painter father's reputation. He describes himself here, as a little boy, bearing much resemblance to *le petit prince* in Saint-Exupéry's lovely novelette (now, by the way, made into a grossly overblown musical film extravaganza). It's not surprising, this word picture, considering his close friendship with Saint-Exupéry, and his own wistful memory. The young Jean found himself conned into sitting for various of his father's paintings; these and some wonderful photos complement the wholly admirable text.

RENOIR IS A romantic, and yet (Gallic blood runs thick) a skeptic as well, a dreamer who sought to capture his dreams on film and ended doing both that and its reverse: he caught the harsh light of reality too, and it is for those triumphs that he will be remembered as long as anyone cares about film. Because he did so much of such importance, his reminiscences, capsule analyses of other film notables, and exposition of his cinema criteria are fascinating to read.

He was a pioneer who considered it his task to overthrow the false gods of the cinema, though ultimately he failed: witness 99 out of 100 movies nowadays. "One false god which remains omnipotent is that which is known as 'good taste,' which in fact is nothing but a taste for mediocrity. Society opposes every attempt at novelty in the name of good taste. My friends and I sturdily aligned ourselves on the side of bad taste." (Bad taste in the canons of those days, not ours.) The false god he detests most is cliché, a thought furtively substituted for reality. "There are clichés which endure for centuries. Here are a few: 'the good old man,' 'love which conquers all,' 'the faithful servant,' 'military bravery.' . . . Life teaches us that there are bad old men, that love is often conquered, that servants are not always faithful, that some soldiers are utter cowards. . . . I should like to believe that this pursuit of the cliché does not fool anyone; but alas, the public, stuffed with lies, clings to its conventions and wallows in the falsity of a world manufactured for its diversion."

The anecdotes are superb, those asides poking fun both at himself and

RANDOM NOTES

■ JUST OUT: James Brabazon weighs the many sides of *Albert Schweitzer* for Putnam ($15). . . . Robert Greenfield visits *The Spiritual Supermarket*, samples a collection of gurus (Saturday Review Press, $8.95/$3.95). . . . Ray Vickers of the *Wall Street Journal* sojourns through *The Realms of Gold* (Scribner, $8.95). The same house unveils a widely heralded study of *Robespierre: The Tyranny of the Majority* by French historian Jean Matrat ($12.50). . . . *Crime Pays!* maintains Thomas Plate, and he'll get few arguments (Simon & Schuster, $9.95). . . . Thomas Mann month: *Katia Mann* is a memoir by his wife (Knopf, $7.95), and Harper offers *The Hesse-Mann Letters* ($10).

■ JULY TITLES: Four from Harper: Austin and Knight A. Kiplinger survey *Washington Now* ($15); Robert Thomsen portrays Bill Wilson, founder of Alcoholics Anonymous, in *Bill W.* ($10); Bob Considine seems an odd choice to depict *The Remarkable Life of Armand Hammer* ($12.50); wife Dorothy finished Judge Sam Rosenman's study of *Presidential Style* when he died two years ago ($15). . . . Interesting idea: James Sutherland's *The Oxford Book of Literary Anecdotes* (e.g., the Bible that printed one Commandment as "Thou shalt commit adultery"; Oxford, $13.50). . . . Robert J. Myers, publisher of the *New Republic* and devotee of Letting Government Do It, has two good reasons for mourning *The Coming Collapse of the Post Office* (Prentice-Hall, $6.95). . . . Martin Green, in *Children of the Sun: A Narrative of Decadence in England After 1918*, focuses on the two leading decadents, Harold Acton and Brian Howard (both of whom figure pseudonymously in the Evelyn Waugh novels of the period; Basic, $15).

Volume 10 of Princeton's *Collected Works of Samuel Taylor Coleridge* should interest conservatives: *On the Constitution of the Church and State* ($14.50). . . . Dan W. Lufkin wants to see power returned to local governments and *Many Sovereign States* (McKay, $8.95). . . . *Sanya: My Life with Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn* is listed as the work of first wife Natalya Reshetovskaya and presumably ghosted by those wonderful folks who brought you the slave labor camps (Bobbs-Merrill, $8.95). . . . LBJ biographer Alfred Steinberg out with another study in innocence, *Sam Rayburn* (Hawthorn, $15). . . . Blood-and-thunder stories from Louisa May Alcott? Madeleine B. Stern rescues them from pseudonymity in *Behind a Mask* (Morrow, $8.95). . . . Volume IV of Martin Gilbert's life of *Winston S. Churchill* is subtitled *The Stricken Years, 1916-1922* (Houghton, $17.50). . . . *Leonardo da Vinci* is an illustrated study by Cecil Gould, Keeper of London's National Gallery (N.Y. Graphic, $22.50). . . . Odds are *Jimmy the Greek* will come out ahead on his autobiography (Playboy, $8.95).

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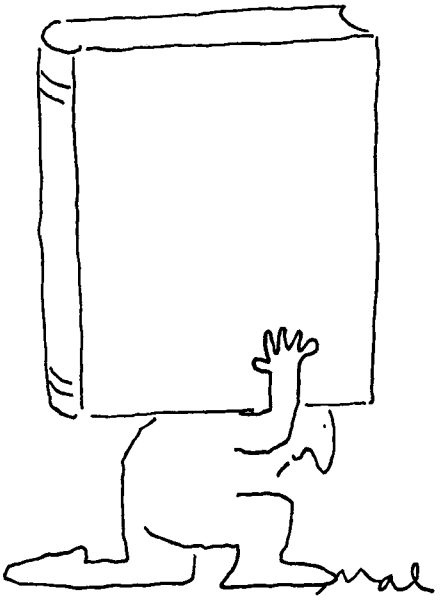
at movie audiences are delicious, and the off-hand toughness is winning. He writes—I can't resist one more—that he doesn't care one way or the other if the cinema is "art." His father couldn't abide the word, saying of Mozart, whom he worshiped: "He wrote music because he could not prevent himself," to which Renoir père added: "It was like wanting to pee." His father's influence on him, he insists, is undeniable; one of his previous two books was a study of Renoir the painter. Now he has added to his achievements one of the sweetest, most revealing autobiographies in years. And he has added himself to America too; he lives, no doubt savoring the ironies, in Hollywood. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF EAST-WEST TRADE, by *Zygmunt Nagorski Jr. (Mason & Lipscomb, 228 pp., $9.95).* Somewhere between the euphoria (naive) that greeted detente in 1972, and the reality (harsh) of subsequent trade problems with the Soviet Union lies the potential (uncertain) of mutually advantageous economic exchange with politically obnoxious nations. This reflective book holds that technology is forcing economic cooperation among ideological adversaries. The perspective is open-eyed, historic, and antidogmatic. It reminds us that past efforts at East-West trade, from Czar Nicholas to Lenin, have failed. Soviet growth statistics are neatly debunked, and the productivity of the Soviet economy is shown to be quite utterly awful. Still, a certain teleological optimism remains—a diluted form of the wishful thinking that dominates academic discussion of such issues. The U.S. and Russia are said to need each other, though the need on our side seems to be limited to a dependence (unthinkable) on Soviet energy materials (undependable). Capitalism and socialism are presumed to "converge," though from the cited success of desocialization in Eastern Europe it might well be concluded that we should let *them* do the converging. Peace is supposed to emerge from this convergence and from commercial interdependence, even though the past is strewn with the wreckage of conflict between briskly trading partners with homogeneous economic systems. All issues of the rights and dignity of individuals are neglected, if not dismissed as mere "ideology"—even as morality is nowadays reduced to mores, and truth to opinion. But these are the common faults of our times, and do not detract from the value of this thoughtful and informative discussion.

WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

THE POOR MOUTH: *A Bad Story about the Hard Life, by Flann O'Brien (Viking, 128 pp., $7.95).* You would eagerly buy and read Patrick Power's translation of Flann O'Brien's *An Béal Bocht* (*The Poor Mouth*) if you had read *At Swim-Two-Birds* (O'Brien's best) or *The Third Policeman.* If you have not previously read O'Brien's English novels, you might still be interested in *The Poor Mouth*'s subject, the Gaelic language movement and its effects on the Irish. But even if you aren't, the treatment of this subject deserves the attention of all punsters, tall-tale lovers, fanciers of farce, enemies of cliché, and just plain people who like a good laugh. O'Brien's comic style, here as in his other works, is incredibly elastic. It stretches characters and events to their utmost—and then goes further. Gaelic is as intelligible as pig Latin? Well then, who should speak "Gaelic which was so good, so poetic and so obscure" but a drunken piglet in breeches? Of course the poor true swindling Gaels in O'Brien's always-raining Corkadoragha all live like swine and eat potatoes. As Flann O'Brien in his novels and as Myles na gCopaleen in his *Irish Times* columns, Brian O'Nolan was a satirist who saw that the Irish habit of mythmaking is destructive when it aggrandizes and glorifies the unworthy. But he could also see that these myths, taken as works of language art, are glorious testaments to the continual supremacy of the Irish way with words. James Joyce forged an Irish myth to capture the conscience of his race and in so doing he captured many other men's consciences as well. O'Brien's works strongly affirm such achievements and they further them too. "A real writer, with the true comic spirit," Joyce says in a rare dustjacket puff. It's too bad that for 25 years very few have paid attention. *Do* read O'Brien. He's a really funny writer. Believe *me* if you don't believe James Joyce. ROSA CUMARE



ABOUT THREE BRICKS SHY OF A LOAD, *by Roy Blount Jr. (Little, Brown, 310 pp., $8.95).* Politicians, quipped Gene McCarthy, are like football coaches. They must be smart enough to know the game and dumb enough to think that it's important. Sour grapes may be the last refuge of the loser yet for the multitude who view the blitz, square-out, and the draw as important, Blount's journal will be a revelation. Assigned to record the 73/74 edition of the Pittsburgh Steelers, he sketches the season when Rooney's rowdies were expected to jell and didn't. Blount's blend of candor, iconoclasm, and bawdy humor provides the flavor of the locker room minus the stench. Considering the genre of jock-lit, that is no small accomplishment. ALAN L. MILLER

THE ADVENTURES OF GOD IN HIS SEARCH FOR THE BLACK GIRL, *by Brigid Brophy (Atlantic/Little, Brown, 224 pp., $7.95).* Yearning to imitate the British wits of eighty years ago, Brigid Brophy imitates only eighty-year-old witticisms. She devotes several pages, for instance, to the story of a girl who, given three wishes by a djinnee (Brophy's spelling), wishes for as many wishes as she wants. Miss Brophy does nothing more with the situation and is evidently unaware that every schoolchild has already pondered this conundrum. In short, the book is rarely rewarding, amusing, or even intelligent. The best piece, "A Literary History," argues that after the mordant American satirist Ambrose Bierce disappeared in 1913, he went to South America, eventually to reappear as Jorge Luis Borges. Nearly approximating Bierce and Borges in tone, this essay is a pastiche of some quality. Generally, however, Miss Brophy deals with ideas, which become extremely brittle in her hands. Though slavishly imitative of Shaw, she hasn't learned a thing from him; she always levels her lance at straw men, scarecrow effigies that have little relation to reality. The title piece, which takes half the book, is a tedious, unreadable symposium whose members include such notables as God, Shaw, and Voltaire. According to the dustjacket, the others "wittily advise a bewildered God how best to establish proof of the peculiar nature of His existence." God's nature is peculiar only because Brophy has no gift for characterization at all. Here the straw man is an arrogant second banana named the Humble Christian. If Brophy had had the guts to let John Bunyan's Christian into her book, he would have swept the floor with her whole pack of sophomore debaters. CHARLES NICOL

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Solution to Last Issue's Trans-O-Gram

ROB[ERT] GIMA:

Full Moon Lunatricks
[or Legend?].

A Philadelphia police inspector . . . kept track of the phases of the moon. Inspector Wolford Faust said it helped him in dealing with homicide. . . . Said Faust—a particularly apt name—if the full moon comes on Friday, "we know there is going to be the devil to pay."

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prices of things they would like to buy.

Then there is the bogey of discouraged workers: "probably a million people who want to be in the work force have become demoralized." The Bureau of Labor Statistics will gladly provide data to show that the 900,000 who cited unavailability of suitable jobs as a reason for not looking for work are nearly all housewives and students, who are not the primary source of family income, and who move in and out of the job market depending on the relative attractiveness of job offers in comparison with staying at home or in school. When the after-tax rewards from work are falling, and the real value of government subsidies for not working are rising dramatically, we should not be too surprised that many marginal workers can't "find" the sorts of jobs that would appeal.

Rochester, N.Y. KAREN KANE

More Soviet Intentions

Congratulations on your well-needed exposure of the Soviet naval buildup and its purposes in D. F. Spencer Jr.'s "What Russia Is Up To" [May 9].

In their apparent preparation for the series of showdowns that Spencer envisions, the Soviets are undertaking a massive buildup of civil defense measures which will enable the Soviet gamesters to call forth a confrontation with very good chances of success. These measures, which assure survival for virtually all of the Soviet people and at least some of their industry in the face of the entire might of the U.S. nuclear force, culminate in elaborate evacuation plans for people who are in likely target areas, and in adequate protection in the rural areas, against radiation, fire, starvation, and disease, for both the residents and the incoming evacuees. Their preparation indicates that the Soviets are preparing to play their confrontation games with deadly seriousness.

Princeton, N.J. CARSTEN M. HAALAND
EUGENE P. WIGNER

The Trouble with 'Juveniles'

In the Oct. 25, 1974 issue of NATIONAL REVIEW an article appeared entitled "Juveniles in Trouble" written by Mr. Russell Kirk. The article was replete with misinformation, false statements, and gross distortions of the truth.

To begin with, Mr. Kirk states in his article that "both the John Howard Association and the MJJSSC would not permit delinquent minors to be confined for any reason. If they had their way, indeed, it would be almost impossible for parents to reclaim minor children who had run away from home." This could not be further from the truth. The Association recognizes that some juveniles are in need of institutional care and secure confinement. However, we found in the State of Michigan that the rate of institutionalization is far too high and in excess of recognized national standards and practices.

The article is also critical of the John Howard Association for recommending that cases such as runaway, truancy, and incorrigibility be removed from the jurisdiction of the juvenile court. The article goes on to point out that many of these children are seriously damaged and in need of juvenile court intervention. But in fact, the John Howard Association "recommends removal of these cases (truancy, running away from home, and incorrigibility) from juvenile court jurisdiction for several reasons. These youths should have nonjudicial handling and receive service by community administrative service agencies rather than be subject to court jurisdiction unless they commit behavior that would subject them to sanctions if they were adults. Those needing court intervention, for the most part, are children who have actually been involved in some type of delinquent behavior and should be handled as delinquency cases or if their parents' behavior is such that they should be handled as children who are neglected or not given proper care, neglect petitions or petitions alleging the child is in need of guardianship should be initiated."

Chicago, Ill. IRA M. SCHWARTZ
Executive Director
John Howard Association

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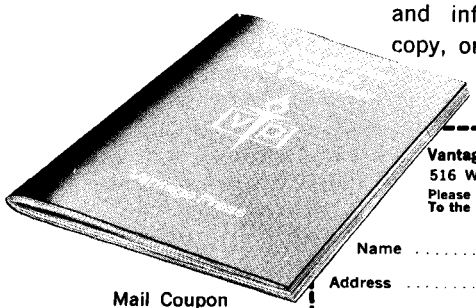

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WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

On The Right

The Attack on Moynihan

New York, June 2—The President's designation of Daniel Patrick Moynihan to succeed John Scali as our Ambassador to the United Nations has aroused opposition from a curious quarter. Henry Fairlie is an Englishman who lives in the United States and every now and again writes impressively from a position roughly identified as "conservative." For instance, back when everyone with a moral IQ of more than 100 was assumed to be totally opposed to our resistance to aggression in Vietnam, Mr. Fairlie was saying reassuring things about how he slept better at night for the knowledge that America's military-industrial complex was steadfastly engaged in the business of containment.

But like many other English conservatives, Mr. Fairlie is a thoroughgoing eccentric, and is capable of writing prose so ponderous as to require a pick and shovel to blast down to its meaning. I have made the exertion, and Mr. Fairlie seems to be saying that Moynihan, though a charming gentleman, is no good for us in the United Nations because said Moynihan does not sufficiently appreciate "liberalism," the "tradition" of "American decency." Far from having reached the dead end that Moynihan says liberalism has reached, it is in the opinion of Mr. Fairlie, writing in the *Washington Post*, up and going. Indeed, "what is surprising in this respect is the resilience and vitality that liberalism has continued to exhibit." Mr. Moynihan, says Fairlie in a neat venture in paralepsis, having rejected his own tradition causes concern because of "—one hesitates to say his malice, because he is not a malicious man—the ill-temper . . . with which Mr. Moynihan repudiates a large part of his own past." Fairlie speaks of Moynihan's "lack of generosity," and suggests that he be subjected to "a period of benign neglect"—so that Moynihan's "friends could then enjoy him more in the evenings." I know both Mr. Moynihan and Mr. Fairlie, and I know Mr. Moynihan to be the most generous of men, though I would be surprised if that generosity extended to his consenting to spend an evening with Mr. Fairlie.

What's going on, folks?

The boys are afraid of him. They are afraid because Mr. Moynihan, for all that this conservative shrinks with horror at a domestic order patterned after the ADA liberalism with which Mr. Moynihan is explicitly associated, has what I once labeled as the lowest level of crap-toleration in the United States. People like Henry Fairlie have no objection to the United Nations provided they never hear about it. Mostly, one doesn't hear about the United Nations, and that is the organization's outstanding virtue: its irrelevance. But one always tends to hear about places that shelter Daniel Moynihan. Not at all because he is an exhibitionist—in India, where Fairlie attempted to depict Moynihan as a bloated viceroy who paraded around sitting on elephants and sipping tea and making a general nuisance of himself, Moynihan gave a total of two press conferences and made two speeches in two years. But Mr. Moynihan learned a great deal about India, and we are beginning to benefit from his insights, as witness his recent article in *Harper's*.

Fairlie writes about Moynihan and the UN: "He would not be able to stay silent; he would not sit still. He would rise every morning to prepare an oration against a nation as harmless as Dahomey. He would practice a new form of gunboat diplomacy, his words his guns. Every morning we would open our newspaper to read that Mr. Moynihan has engaged in a duel with Liberia . . ."

Now Mr. Moynihan has, in fact, already served in the United Nations—as a member of the public delegation four years ago. He did rise on one splendid occasion: not to engage Dahomey or Liberia, but the Soviet Union, a representative of which had airily remarked that unlike the situation in the United States, in the Soviet Union there are no labor union problems. If Moynihan hadn't been around, the Soviet delegate would have gotten away with it—a statement as raw as a Nazi delegate's commenting that in Germany there was no Jewish problem.

It is instructive to note the implied condescension in Mr. Fairlie's attack on Moynihan. What he is really saying is that nothing done by Dahomey or Liberia is worth the imperial attention of the United States. But the General Assembly is not so constituted. The vote of Dahomey is equal to the vote of the United States in that chamber, even as the vote of Rhode Island is equal to that of New York in the Senate of the United States. When Mr. Dahomey speaks, Ambassador Moynihan will listen to what he says: and will treat him with the respect of a reply, if one is warranted. That is the genuine respect for which the General Assembly secretly yearns. □

LET US PRAY

New York, May 25—Do you remember Clark Clifford? He is the Ramsey Clark of the War Department. Ramsey Clark, as Attorney General, read a book and before long was saying in public such things as, "No crime is so serious as to deserve punishment." Clark Clifford gives no sign of having read any books, but you would not nowadays believe that he was quite recently the Secretary of Defense—under Lyndon Johnson, whose policies on Vietnam Clifford, for all that he ultimately attempted to subvert them, dutifully executed.

Writing for the *New York Times*, Clark Clifford suggests that we include Congress in our evening prayers. I think that an extremely wholesome suggestion, and would propose even that our schoolchildren pray for Congress during a moment of silence at school, except that that suggestion would be unconstitutional, and I seek not to be contumacious. But on close reading, it turns out that we are expected to pray for Congress not that it should improve in wisdom and charity. We are supposed to pray in *gratitude* to Congress for what it has already done. What it has already done is, specifically, deny to the President of the United States the war materials we had promised South Vietnam in the event of a violation by the North Vietnamese of the Paris Accords. We are to pray in thanksgiving that Congress refused to live up to the commitments made by the President of the United States.

Already I find my prayers, so corseted, faltering as they reach my lips. But the Reverend Clifford is not through. He proposes also that the South Vietnamese pray for Congress. That's right—not the North

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Vietnamese—the *South Vietnamese*. Why? "If President Ford had been free to adopt the policies he desired, the Thieu government might have been kept in power a while longer, but the South Vietnamese people would have suffered more grievously than ever. These long-suffering people would do well to include the Congress in their evening prayers." If I understand the general rule, we should all pray that all conquered people should stay conquered, or that all free people quickly collapse in the face of aggression, lest they be made to suffer the pains of resistance. We should, for instance, pray that Congress deny any aid to Israel, so that Israel would not be tortured by any resistance to Egyptian or Syrian armies.

THE THEME is, really, quite widely circulated. Shana Alexander, so bright and readable, discoursed in a recent *Newsweek* column on the Vietnam Baby Lift. "We fill the skies with innocents, tiny human peace symbols borne aloft in the same planes that flew the bombs that made them orphans in the first place." Hmmm. Hmmm. *Hmmmm*. So what else, Shana? "If we know one thing about the government founded by Ho Chi Minh,"—yes?—"it is that its social services are excellent: good health care, day care, and educational programs abound, especially for the poor" (who else *is* there?). She didn't come right out and say so, but we gather she thinks the only decent thing to do is fly 'em back and drop them on Hanoi.

Mr. Anthony Lewis of the *New York Times* finds it culturally "arrogant" of us to find fault in the Khmer Rouge reform movement as, really, we are measuring it against "Western assumptions." In a column in which he contrived not once to use the word "Communist" (the Khmer Rouge dropped a strong hint when they elected to designate themselves as "rouge" rather than, say, "noir," or "blanc"), Mr. Lewis suggests that, all along, we have aggressively made war on indigenous Cambodian culture, a favorite point of that playfully perverse Asia specialist, Professor James Thomson of Harvard. It is a very strange position to take, when you come down to it. It requires you to assume that emptying hospitals at bayonet point, which was done rather routinely by the Communists when they took over Phnom Penh, is an indigenous Cambodian custom against which the United States arrogantly, if unsuccessfully, resisted. And one must assume that seizing ships off the high seas, in the tradition of the North Koreans' seizure of the *Pueblo* and the Cambodian seizure of the *Mayagüez*, is a jolly native custom, which we shouldn't get excited about—after all, we have our own kinky cultural idiosyncrasies, like, well, baseball?

The ideological egalitarianism of these gentlepersons is uninhibited by thought, by analytical rigor, or by moral refinement. One gets the creepy feeling that, really, the lot of them make no distinction between the way of life of a free or relatively free society, and the way of life of a totalitarian society. Congress will have to take second place in my evening prayers. □

ROCKEFELLER'S MORASS

New York, May 28 — Surely the strangest political statement of the season is Nelson Rockefeller's to the effect that his support of our Vietnam policy over the years was simulated: that, in fact, he had no choice other than to go along with Presidents Johnson and Nixon since after all he was governor of New York, a big, hungry state that needed federal patronage.

Now that statement is either true or it is untrue. Either way, it does little to enhance public confidence in Mr. Rockefeller.

If the statement is untrue, then you have Mr. Rockefeller climbing on to a bandwagon: those who are explaining, in the style of Arthur Schlesinger to the academy, that in their hearts they never really did approve of the Vietnam War. That kind of opportunism may be necessary to ingratiate oneself with the academic community. But it does not, in my judgment, do a great deal to ingratiate a man to a public a surprisingly large percentage of which would prefer to hear someone say he was wrong, than pretend, as Nixon did, that he had never been wrong.

Objectively, the statement sounds untrue if for no other reason than that Mr. Kissinger, who was staunch and publicly so in his defense of American commitments in Asia, was at Mr. Rockefeller's side during most of the years in question. Mr. Rockefeller, if he tried to fool Johnson and Nixon, might have succeeded in doing so. But he could hardly have hoped to fool his principal foreign advisor.

But consider the graver alternative—that Rockefeller was telling the truth.

If that were so, several things would follow:

First, and most obvious, the American people would have been formally notified that anything they hear crossing Mr. Rockefeller's lips must not be accepted as a reflection of his own thinking; that one may suppose the possibility, or probability, of an ulterior motive. That makes for a certain incompatibility between a leader and his constituents.

Second, what does this say about the power of the Federal Government to intimidate state governors? We have spent the better part of the recent rhetorical season deploring the power of organizations like ITT and Mobil Oil, with their lousy little political contributions measured in the tens of thousands of dollars. Suddenly we are confronted by a former governor of the most powerful individual state in the Union, the intellectual and cultural hub of the nation, advising us that so intimidated is he by the financial power of Washington to vouchsafe or withhold favors, that he truckles to the vanities of Presidents by hypocritically endorsing policies he secretly deplores. One would think that on the basis of such evidence every congressional committee in Washington would stop what it is doing and instantly inquire into the substance of Mr. Rockefeller's charges, with the view to restructuring the federal system so as to prevent the gross discriminations Mr. Rockefeller implied. One has a feeling that Congress' failure to react is owing either to a) a general disbelief in Rockefeller's sincerity; or b) an anxiety to conceal a federal situation in which Congress may have a vested interest: to wit, the powers of favoritism.

But the most unexamined aspect of Rockefeller's statement is the implicit meaning for the rest of the country of success by New York in enlarging its patronage from Washington.

Mr. Rockefeller used specific figures. Before he became governor, he said, the Federal Government was spending in New York only five cents out of every dollar it was taking from New York. But, he said crowingly, by the time he left New York, the Federal Government was spending 18 cents for every dollar it took from New York.

THIS FIGURE no doubt would cause a cheer in Albany. But it is hardly reassuring to other states. New York is the second richest state in the Union. Thus when its share of the federal booty increases, it increases at the expense of 48 states poorer than itself. Mr. Rockefeller knows enough about finances to know that money has to come from somewhere. Who was it that was subsidizing New York and its huge social budget? Kansas City? Fort Worth? South Carolina?

Mr. Rockefeller could answer that he was only recycling New York dollars—getting back some of what he had given away. But if this is so, he should state his case philosophically, and back the Buckley Amendment, so long overdue. It states, simply, that no state whose per capita income exceeds the national average shall qualify for federal benefits.

Any way you look at it, the Vice President should be asked to draw conclusions about the bearing of his statement on democratic government and the federal system. □

(Washington Star Syndicate, Inc.)

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Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

DEFINITIONS

A. Aisle that separates government and opposition benches in Britain's House of Commons — 41 147 170 144 65 194 11

B. Pertaining to a mythologic serpent with a head at each end and able to move in either direction — 69 2 14 24 58 34 80 175 162 185 197 203

C. A mountain in Wyoming — 74 188 183 207 86 66 121 136 38

D. IS WIT ART? — 79 169 16 113 180 145 51 202

E. A pagan deity's wife — 82 67 163 216 141 22 52

F. Pedantic — 98 156 87 53 143 73 174

G. Large area in S. E. Ga. and N. E. Fla. — 129 161 94 46 100 109 131 157 152 208 220 32 164 122 3

H. One of a group that keeps parents off the streets — 158 39 47 59 84 95 178 209 13 63 111 134 154

I. Highest peak in the Philippines — 8 15 42

J. Engraved short statements of legal principles drawn up by Roman decemvirs, 451 and 450 B. C. — 165 35 25 205 210 221 50 72 93 7 17 56

K. Type of shark — 88 108 140 168 6 10 30 139 192 153

L. In a joyously unrestrained and enthusiastic manner — 191 135 189 107 218 212 36 96 103 20 61

M. What the well (sick?) undressed man will wear — 214 81 116 128 151 92 102 130 138 155 167 186

N. Filled with reverent fear — 19 68 31 146 26 55 137 71 119

O. Probationary period in a religious community — 12 45 99 4 23 27 33 44 89

P. $C^{6}\ H^{1}\ O^{2}\ C^{6}\ H^{1}\ (OH)^{2}$ — 110 1 64 127 90 142 149 193 215 40 106

Q. The policy followed by organized labor — 43 77 172 54 101 126 70 28

R. Shunning — 124 198 18 105 29 57 76 176 132

S. A main artery of traffic — 150 181 9 48 117 97 166 190 184 187

T. How *The Sweethearts on Parade* marched — 177 195 49 120 213 104 200 160

U. In an inflexibly set manner — 196 133 78 148 171 21 182

V. In advance — 201 60 211 114 125

W. Visionary theorizing — 206 115 112 85 37 159 173 217

X. A delusion that one has become a wolf — 219 75 83 91 118 199 204 5 62 123 179

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the WORDS (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 682 for solution of last Trans-O-Gram.

			1 P	2 B	3 G	4 O	5 X	6 K		7 J	8 I	9 S	10 K	11 A		12 O	13 H	14 B	15 I
	16 D	17 J	18 R	19 N	20 L	21 U	22 E		23 O	24 B	25 J		26 N	27 O	28 Q	29 R		30 K	31 N
	32 G	33 O	34 B		35 J	36 L	37 W	38 C	39 H	40 P	41 A		42 I	43 Q	44 O		45 O	46 G	
47 H	48 S	49 T	50 J	51 D		52 E	53 F	54 Q	55 N	56 J		57 R	58 B	59 H	60 V		61 L	62 X	63 H
64 P		65 A	66 C	67 E		68 N	69 B	70 Q		71 N	72 J	73 F	74 C	75 X	76 R	77 Q	78 U		79 D
	80 B	81 M	82 E		83 X	84 H	85 W	86 C	87 F		88 K	89 O		90 P	91 X	92 M		93 J	94 G
95 H	96 L		97 S	98 F	99 O	100G	101Q		102M	103L		104T	105R	106P		107L	108K	109G	110P
111H	112W	113D		114V		115W	116M	117S	118X	119N		120T	121C	122G	123X	124R	125V		126Q
127P	128M	129G		130M	131G	132R	133U		134H	135L	136C	137N	138M	139K		140K	141E		142P
143F	144A	145D		146N	147A	148U	149P		150S	151M	152G		153K	154H	155M	156F	157G		158H
159W	160T	161G	162B	163E		164G	165J		166S	167M	168K		169D	170A	171U	172Q	173W	174F	175B
176R	177T	178H	179X		180D	181S	182U		183C	184S	185B	186M		187S	188C	189L		190S	191L
192K	193P		194A		195T	196U	197B	198R	199X		200T	201V	202D	203B	204X		205J	206W	207C
208G		209H	210J	211V	212L	213T	214M	215P	216E	217W		218L	219X	220G	221J				

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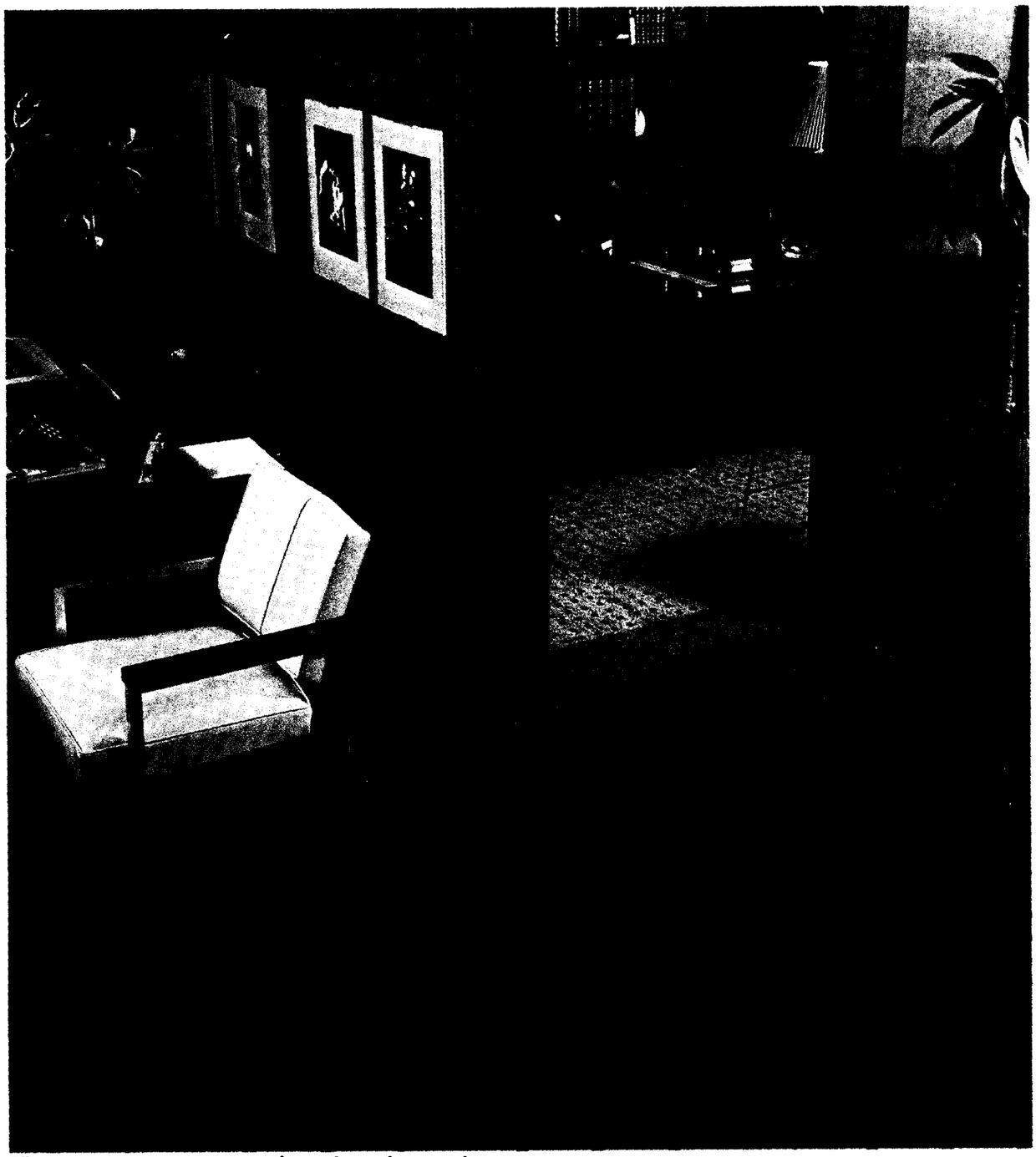

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Now Milliken makes custom-styled open office landscaping easy with coordinating colors in patterned and solid color MILSTAR Free-lay carpet tiles. Remarkably practical, too. When partitions — or the entire office — must be moved, the tiles also can be moved. And proper tile rotation will increase wear life 3 to 4 times longer, eliminates the repaired or worn look. Milliken's handsome Custom Square patterns, with pile of 100% Antron® nylon, are Computer Injection Dyed in precise registration by Millitron™, revolutionary development from Milliken Research. Wide selection available; special designs on request. For details, call or write:

Deering Milliken, Inc.,
Contract Carpet Manager, LaGrange,
Georgia 30240. (404) 883-5511.

MILLIKEN

Floor Covering Business
La Grange, Georgia

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